THE GIVER & RECEIVER BLESSED.

C.R. Ryley del. W. Skelton sculp.

Oh Madam! All my life time will I bless you. You rejoice the hearts of a respectable and worthy family; but mine much more.

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THE

FRIEND OF YOUTH;

BEING A SEQUEL TO THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

AND LIKE THAT WORK,

CONSISTING OF

APT STORIES, ENTERTAINING DIALOGUES,

AND

MORAL DRAMAS:

ALL INTENDED

To excite Attention, cherish Feeling, and inculcate Virtue

IN THE

RISING GENERATION;

Partly translated from Mr. BERQUIN, and other French and German Writers, and partly Original, being written by the Editor himself,

The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,

Embellished with

COPPER PLATES.

VOL. VII.

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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

THE

PORTRAIT.

SCENE, *A parlour in the houſe of Lady Mary.*

Sir CHARLES *(at the entrance ſpeaking to a ſervant.)*

WHAT is Lady Mary doing?

The SERVANT. Writing in her room, Sir Charles.

Sir CHARLES. May I diſturb her?

The SERVANT. Not at preſent, ſir.

Sir CHARLES. Well, I will wait her leiſure. Be ſo kind as to deſire the gentleman without to ſtep in here, and don't let Lady Mary know I am not come alone.

The SERVANT. I underſtand. *(Going out.)* Be pleaſed to ſtep in here, ſir.

Lord COURTEOUS *(entering.)* Ah, my dear

Sir Charles! you cannot gueſs what I experience, upon coming thus into this room again!

Sir CHARLES. Oh! I can eaſily believe you, ſince you ſtill love Lady Mary.

Lord COURTEOUS. And yet ſhe will not condeſcend to ſee me!

Sir CHARLES. True; but I can hardly think ſhe loves you leſs than ever. Why elſe has ſhe been ſo thoughtful, ever ſince ſhe baniſhed you? I muſt, indeed, acknowledge, that whenever I have hazarded the mention of your name, ſhe has enjoined me to be ſilent, and proteſted ſhe could never hear you ſpoke of, without real indignation.

Lord COURTEOUS. To confeſs the truth, I cannot blame her much: but time, you know, ſhould ſoften every thing.

Sir CHARLES. At preſent, I have not one hope to give you; and am fearful likewiſe, that this ſtep you are reſolved to take will not ſucceed.

Lord COURTEOUS. I am as fearful as yourſelf can be of its ſucceſs; but I have nothing left me now to do but fall down at her feet. If ſhe rejects me ſtill, I am determined to withdraw from London. Poſſibly, the privacy of ſome retreat, far diſtant from the lovely object of my paſſion, may bring peace to my diſtracted mind. Yes, Charles, I will leave town immediately, and make no further trials.

Sir CHARLES. I deſire you to put off your reſolution only for a week; no longer.

Lord

Lord COURTEOUS. What have I not done to expiate my offence? How many letters has ſhe not ſent back unread!

Sir CHARLES. I do not juſtify her conduct wholly; but ſuch conduct, you ſhould certainly have looked for.

Lord COURTEOUS. Look'd for?

Sir CHARLES. Yes; for on the boaſt of a profeſſed and open libertine, that he had been admitted to ſuch freedoms with her as no reputation would allow of, to accuſe her, and inſiſt upon a formal declaration that the whole was nothing but a fabrication! What could you expect? Her conduct was quite natural to the pride you ſhould have thought ſhe was poſſeſſed of.

Lord COURTEOUS. But, my dear Sir Charles, am I then the firſt lover that was ever jealous?

Sir CHARLES. Oh, a woman's heart is not a court of civil law, where precedents are univerſally conſulted. — Then, too, after having broke with you, it cannot but be thought, a deal of time is needful to renew the acquaintanceſhip between you, if it ever is to be renewed, when ſhe has gone ſo far, I need not tell you, as to give your portrait to the porter, that in future neither he, nor any one attending for him, may admit the perſon it reſembles.

Lord COURTEOUS. Can you poſſibly recall to my remembrance that humiliation?

Sir CHARLES. True it is; that Porter has been

been dead this month and upwards: but for which, you would not have come here to day, or even thought of doing ſo.

Lord COURTEOUS. No, no, indeed.

Sir CHARLES. Since then this opportunity of introducing you has offered, I will ſpeak once more to Lady Mary in your favour. Hide yourſelf the while, and if, while we are talking, you diſcover any opportunity afforded you of coming forth from your concealment, do what you think proper. I will ſecond your endeavours to the beſt of my abilities.

Lord COURTEOUS. Dear Charles, depend upon it, I ſhall be indebted to you for no leſs than all the happineſs I am to have in future.

Sir CHARLES. She is coming down. I hear her. Get into the cloſet. Quick! and let not ſo much as a word of our diſcourſe eſcape you. *(Lord C. gets in and ſhuts the door.)*

Lady MARY *(entering.)* Baronet, I take it very kind that you would ſtay ſo long: I was up ſtairs extremely buſy at a letter, and ſuppoſed you would be vexed, ſhould I derange myſelf. I have that good opinion of your friendſhip for me.

Sir CHARLES. I am more delighted with this proof of your obliging condeſcenſion, than with all the proteſtations you could poſſibly have made. Whatever entertainment I receive from paying you my perſonal reſpects, if I had but an inſtant for that purpoſe, I would rather go without it, than intrude upon you, at a time when

when viſits would be inconvenient. But I think you dont ſeem very well this morning, Lady Mary?

Lady MARY. I ſlept very ill laſt night; and had ſome ugly dreams.

Sir CHARLES. It grieves me to hear ſo; and yet tis not entirely amiſs, that one who can make others in the leaſt unhappy, ſhould not be herſelf at eaſe.

Lady MARY. I know what you are aiming at.

Sir CHARLES. But will your ladyſhip hold out for ever? I am ſenſible how much you ſuffer from this rigour, notwithſtanding every thing you do to hide it from me. The impreſſion your once-loved Lord Courteous made ſo many years ago upon your heart will never be obliterated. You attempt in vain to keep your real ſituation from me. Love impairs your health, and yet it reſts, dear lady, with yourſelf alone to be compleatly happy.

Lady MARY. But how can I? You are well acquainted with that conduct in his lordſhip I have all along complained of. To accuſe my love when on the point of marriage!

Sir CHARLES. Can you fancy, my dear lady, that his heart had any thing to do in that affair? No, no: you never would conſent to be informed what he has ſuffered for that fault. Alas! he has full dearly expiated it. Had you been witneſs to the ſtrength of his repentance, or the ſtate of mind his grief reduced him to,

—in

—in that caſe, I dont mean to ſay your love, but your compaſſion, would have made you feel for his misfortunes. After that afflicting illneſs he has ſuffered, his recovery, far from cauſing him true joy, gives daily a new edge to his tormenting recollections. I kept ſilence while I thought him guilty: but ſo lively a repentance proves how much he merits grace and favour. Yes, dear Lady Mary, you have not approved yourſelf unjuſt to Courteous, but ſhould be compaſſionate.

Lady MARY. And can you give me ſuch advice?—You, baronet!—I took you for my friend.

Sir CHARLES. I am ſo; and tis out of friendſhip for you I beſtow it. Oh that you would let me read your heart!

Lady MARY. You would be ſure my confidence can never be again eſtabliſhed there. When any woman's love has once been injured, her idea of the conſtancy of him ſhe loved is gone for ever.

Sir CHARLES. But you love Lord Courteous ſtill, dear lady?

Lady MARY. If I do, he will not be the happier for it.

Sir CHARLES. Condeſcend at leaſt to ſee him.

Lady MARY. If I thought he were at preſent even in London, I would quit it.

Lord COURTEOUS *(iſſuing from the cloſet at theſe words, and kneeling at the feet of Lady Mary.)*

Mary.) No, dear Lady Mary, it is I will quit it never to return again, ſince I am left without one hope: and I am therefore come to take my leave for ever.

Lady MARY. What means this audacity?

Sir CHARLES. Dear lady,——

Lady MARY. Riſe, my lord. *(To Sir Charles)* Pray ring the bell this moment.

Sir CHARLES. Would your ladyſhip——

Lady MARY. Ring, ring, or I will quit the room myſelf.

Sir CHARLES. If you inſiſt upon it. *(He rings)* But, dear Lady May, be compoſed, I beg you.

Lady MARY *(to the ſervant coming in.)* Robert, why did you admit this gentleman?

The SERVANT. Had I your ladyſhip's commands to keep him out?

Lady MARY. What, you forget a certain portrait?

The SERVANT. No, my lady; on the other hand I have it conſtantly about me, and remember I am always to deny you to the gentleman for whom 'twas painted.

Lady MARY. Which you will not tell me you have done, I fancy, when the gentleman is here before you?

The SERVANT. Here, before me! What that gentleman? Oh, no; the portrait in my pocket has a fine fat pair of cheeks. *(He takes the portrait out.)* See it yourſelf, my lady.

Lady MARY. I dont wiſh to ſee it.

The SERVANT. This is a good face; I ſhall remember it, and never let the owner enter.

Lady MARY. Hold your tongue: I tell you once again, it is the gentleman. You will not do for me. You ſhall be paid your wages, and may get ſome other place.

The SERVANT. Some other place, my lady? No, I like this well enough. The painter is to blame. I'll bid him wait upon your ladyſhip, and he ſhall loſe his place, if ſome one muſt be turned away. Look in the mean time at the picture, pray. *(He leaves the portrait on the table, and goes out.)*

Sir CHARLES. The porter, Lady Mary, is not in the wrong. He would have known his lordſhip formerly; but could not be expected to do ſo by looking at his portrait now.

Lord COURTEOUS. No, Lady Mary, I am now no longer the ſame perſon: my affliction has conſiderably changed me; but my heart has always loved you: when I moſt deſerved your anger, I abhorred myſelf: the firſt reproach I underwent proceeded—be aſſured of that—from my own heart. I merit an eternal hatred, I muſt own; but if you ever loved me——

Lady MARY. Mention not that word.

Lord COURTEOUS. The heat of paſſion may have once miſled me; but calm reaſon will aſſure your ladyſhip of my reſpect and love for the remainder of my life.

Lady

Lady MARY. If you had ever loved, could you have been wrought on to ſuſpect me?

Lord COURTEOUS. I have told your ladyſhip already, that my heart was no accomplice in the act. Forgive then this firſt fault. Tis all the favour I requeſt you to allow me. Should I ſtill remain deprived of your regard, I cannot anſwer for the ſad effects of my deſpair.

Lady MARY. I know on what I could rely.

Sir CHARLES. I anſwer for his lordſhip.

Lady MARY. You, Sir Charles. Can you imagine then, that if one man could anſwer for another, I ſhould need ſecurity. My lord, take back this portrait.

Lord COURTEOUS. Take it back, my lady!

Lady MARY. Your appearance in the ſeaſon of proſperity deceived me. Never may that countenance of ſorrow and repentance, now before me, do ſo.

Lord COURTEOUS. How!

Lady MARY. I have, on your account, diſmiſſed my ſervant. Make him one of yours.

Lord COURTEOUS. I know not what to think!

Lady MARY. It ſhall not be of you I will complain, if ever——

Lord COURTEOUS. Baniſh ſuch a thought.

Lady MARY. But of myſelf, my weakneſs and my love, that your injurious treatment has not rooted up.

Lord COURTEOUS. I ſhall expire with joy!

(He throws himſelf at Lady Mary's feet: She holds him out her hand.)

Sir CHARLES. This is what I thought, my lady, of your heart. You are too generous to be inflexible.

Lady MARY. I ſacrifice myſelf for him I love.

Lord COURTEOUS. You ſhall hereafter judge of my exceſſive happineſs, dear Lady Mary, by thoſe efforts noticed in me to deſerve it.

THE

GIVER AND RECEIVER BLESSED.

AN Engliſh lady of quality, whoſe name was Seymour, being at Spa for the benefit of her health, had fixed her habitation with a Pariſian family; the miſtreſs of which we ſhall here call Madame. One evening, with her gueſt, ſhe happened to go out that ſhe might take an airing in the place, to which the people commonly

commonly repair for ſuch a purpoſe. It was rather earlier than is uſual for the better ſort of families to ſhow themſelves; on which account, the walk was very ſolitary. At a diſtance from them they obſerved a woman, with a girl, as far as they could gueſs, of fifteen years, or thereabouts: they were converſing with each other, and the girl had aſked her mother, who was ſitting on a bench, and had a bundle by her, whether ſhe ſhould take it home.

No, no, my dear; replied the mother: it will be too heavy for you. Tis our victuals for to-morrow.

The GIRL. What, and nothing but potatoes? Eighteen months ago, we lived much better.

The MOTHER. Oh, did you but know my reaſons!—But at preſent, you are hardly old enough to underſtand them, ſhould I mention any thing about the matter.

The GIRL. Hardly old enough? I ſhall be fifteen years of age next Michaelmas.

The MOTHER. Your heart is good; and therefore one or other of theſe days I mean to tell you every thing.

The GIRL. Oh, now.

The MOTHER. Peace, peace! the gentlefolks will hear you elſe. *(The French lady and her friend paſs them.)*

The GIRL. Ah, mother!

The MOTHER. What?

The GIRL. Tis ſhe, the lady that gave

Urſula, Louiſa, and myſelf, our fine new clothes: the lady that walks outermoſt.

The MOTHER. You went to thank her, did you not, this morning?

The GIRL. Yes.

The MOTHER. Well, well; we'll now go home; for Catharine has not yet had her uſual walk; and I would lay you any wager ſhe is waiting for you. Come, dear Bridget, you ſhall lead her to the garden of the Capucins, where I will come and walk a little with you, when my work is done.

The mother upon this got up, and walking forward with her daughter, paſſed the lady and her friend, who now were turned about: the girl, when they were out of hearing, noticed to her mother that the lady had not ſeen her; adding, ſhe was ſorry for it, as ſhe loved her.

The Engliſh lady with her friend, ſtill walking on, converſed as follows:

One can hardly take a ſtep here, ſaid the former, but one meets with ſome poor perſon or another to afflict one.

MADAME. You are ſo compaſſionate!

Lady SEYMOUR. Your talking of compaſſion makes me recollect a circumſtance that ſtruck me yeſterday. You know the baroneſs, Olivia?

MADAME. Yes, a little.

Lady SEYMOUR. We were both on the parade laſt night. A poor lame man, whoſe family was ſtarving, as he ſaid, for want of food, came up, and aſked her charity. The baroneſs took

took out her purſe, and had a piece of money in her hands to give him, when unfortunately, as I thought at firſt, a pedlar, as we ſay in England, with a box of millenary goods, drew nigh. The lady now gave over thinking of the poor lame man, but to get rid of him flung down a little piece of money, and bought all the pedlar's goods.

MADAME. And——

Lady SEYMOUR. Hear the reſt. The poor man ſtooped down, and picking up the money, ſaid, *Thank God my wife and children will not die to-day*. Theſe words awakened in the baroneſs's heart that pity which, as many have informed me, is ſo natural to her. She called back the man, and having thought a little, aſked the pedlar if he would not give her credit. Willingly, ſaid he, my lady: upon which, the purſe was given to the beggar, whoſe ſurpriſe and joy quite overcame him. Seated on a bench cloſe by them, for I was not in the baroneſs's company, I heard every word that paſſed between them, and enjoyed this intereſting ſcene.

MADAME. No doubt; but as we ſeem diſpoſed for converſation; ſhall we take a ſaunter in the park? We ſhall have ſhade when we get there.

Lady SEYMOUR. I cannot leave this ſpot. I mean to wait a perſon's coming here.

MADAME. Muſt you be any time together?

Lady

Lady SEYMOUR. We have only half a dozen words. Ah! here he comes.

MADAME. What father Gregory! I underſtand the buſineſs. You would wiſh to be directed in the choice of ſome good action, and the reverend father Gregory is worthy of your confidence. Farewel, my lady; I will ramble towards the park, and there wait for you.

Lady SEYMOUR. Whereabouts?

MADAME. In the pavilion.

Lady SEYMOUR. I will come in leſs than twenty minutes——

Madame went away, and father Gregory, a friar of the order, as they call them, of the Capuchins, appeared: the father was reſpected by the people of the place for his benevolence: he was however what they call a genius, and his hobbyhorſe was gardening: he was very old and lame; and drawing near the lady, mentioned he had wiſhed to bring her ladyſhip a noſegay; but had not one roſe. A brother, notwithſtanding that, continued Gregory, has given me two: but theſe carnations are my own.

Lady SEYMOUR. And they are very beautiful.

GREGORY. In point, my lady, of carnations, I will yield to no one, and may ſay, without the leaſt degree of boaſt, I have a number of the fineſt in my garden. A propòs, your ladyſhip has not obliged me with a viſit there ſince they were firſt in bloom.

Lady

Lady SEYMOUR. I promiſe I will come and ſee them very ſhortly; but at preſent, let us talk of buſineſs Have you found me out ſome worthy but poor family?

GREGORY. Yes, yes, my lady; I have found you out a treaſure: a wife, huſband, and five little ones.

Lady SEYMOUR. What is the huſband's trade?

GREGORY. He is a weaver, and his wife does plain work: but I cannot ſpeak enough in commendation of her virtue, and the charity which even, needy as ſhe is, ſhe practiſes. Ah, madam! ſhe deſerves your fifty louisdores.

Lady SEYMOUR. You make me happy, father Gregory.—Before the day ſhuts in, I ſhall requeſt you to go with me to her. But pray tell me in the interim her whole ſtory, and in half a dozen words.

GREGORY. In half a dozen words! I never could tell any thing in half a dozen words.

Lady SEYMOUR. So I can ſee: well then, good father Gregory, as I ſee people coming, who would interrupt us, I ſhall not at preſent aſk to have your ſtory.

GREGORY. No; for I myſelf have ſomething I muſt do at preſent: but at ſeven o'clock I will be here again.

Lady SEYMOUR. And ſo will I.

The father here was going off; but ſuddenly bethought himſelf, and coming back, deſired to know if he was not miſtaken, when he thought her

her ladyſhip had promiſed ſhe would come and take a view of his carnations?

Yes, I promiſe I will come; you may rely upon me, ſaid the lady.

GREGORY. They are certainly the beſt people in the world!

Lady SEYMOUR. What, your carnations?

GREGORY. No, no; I was ſpeaking of the Agleberts; the family you are to ſuccour.

Lady SEYMOUR. What, their name is Aglebert?

GREGORY. It is my lady: upon which the friar was going, but returned and added: I have ſome in party-colours, red and white, the only ones in Spa.

Lady SEYMOUR. To-morrow I will come and ſee them, father Gregory, depend upon it.

GREGORY. Farewel, my good lady: what a generous action you will do!

Here father Gregory took leave in earneſt; and remarking on him, Lady Seymour could not help obſerving what a wonderful confuſion the carnations and the Agleberts produced in his ideas. To relieve the poor, and cultivate his flowers, ſaid ſhe, make up his happineſs and pleaſure. Thus the greateſt virtues are in general accompanied with the ſimpleſt or moſt natural inclinations. But tis time I ſhould go now into the park and join my friend: but what ſweet little girl is this approaching?

This was Urſula, a child of Mrs. Aglebert, who was come out with Catharine and her ſiſter

ſiſter Bridget. Catharine ſat down upon a bench; when Urſula, obſerving Lady Seymour, and at firſt ſuppoſing it was ſhe that had, as we have ſaid already, given her a new gown, drew nigh; but finding ſhe was wrong, retreated: when my lady called her back, enquiring who it was ſhe wanted?

URSULA *(curtſeying.)* At the firſt, I took you for a charming lady; but miſtook.

Lady SEYMOUR. But I may be as charming, very likely, as your lady.

URSULA *(ſhaking her head.)* Ah——

Lady SEYMOUR. You cannot think ſo?

URSULA. She has given me a gown.

Lady SEYMOUR. Oh, that's a different thing. And is it that you wear at preſent?

URSULA. Yes; and more than this, a charming hat, which I ſhall have next Sunday: and my ſiſters, Bridget and Louiſa, too, have had a new gown each.

Lady SEYMOUR. And from the ſame good lady?

URSULA. Yes. I dont remember what her name is; but ſhe lives upon the Terrace, in a fine great houſe.

Lady SEYMOUR. Ah, tis my friend.—And are your ſiſters, pray, as pretty to the full as you?

URSULA. Look, there ſtands Bridget.

Lady SEYMOUR. And who, pray, is that cloſe by her?

URSULA. Catharine, our blind girl.

Lady

Lady SEYMOUR. And who is your blind girl?

URSULA. Why, Catharine our blind girl is—is—is Catharine, as my mother calls her, that we lead about. For my part, I have done ſo only for theſe three months paſt, becauſe till then, I was too little to go with her in the ſtreets, when they are crowded.

Lady SEYMOUR. She is one of your relations, doubtleſs?

URSULA. Very likely: mother loves her, juſt as ſhe does us, and calls her ſometimes her ſixth child.

Lady SEYMOUR. Tis very good in her to take ſuch care of her relations; and eſpecially when they are blind. But what, my little deary, is your name?

URSULA, Mine? Urſula, an't pleaſe you, madam.

Lady SEYMOUR. Well, then, Urſula, come you and ſee me, when the clock ſtrikes ten, to-morrow morning. I live, likewiſe, on the terrace, at the new white houſe; and bring your poor blind Catharine with you. I ſhould like to be acquainted with her.

URSULA. Oh, Catharine, madam, is a good, good girl.

Adieu, my little Urſula, till ten to-morrow, ſaid my Lady Seymour; and then went away.

Ah, what another charming lady, ſaid the little Urſula, (while Catherine and Bridget were both coming up to know what lady had been

been talking to her.) I dare ſay now, ſhe will give poor Catharine a gown. She loves the blind. I ſaw that plainly, and was very glad; for now, I ſhall have leave to keep my pretty apron, which would otherwiſe have been poor Catharine's. Bridget, *(Bridget, and the other leaning on her, were by this come up to Urſula)* you want to know who that fine lady was that went away juſt now. She lives upon the terrace; and has bid me come with Catharine, to ſee her, when the clock ſtrikes ten, to-morrow morning.

CATHARINE. Is it true?

URSULA. Yes, yes: but tell me, Catharine, are you our relation? The fine lady aſked me, and I did not know.

CATHARINE. Alas! my deareſt, I am nothing to you; and yet owe you every thing. But, heaven will recompenſe your parents.

URSULA. And what, after all, pray, do you owe us? Does it coſt us any thing to take care of you? Ah, dear Catharine, I wiſh I had been always big enough to lead you out a walking, as my mother is, and Bridget.

BRIDGET *(aſide to Urſula.)* Hold your tongue: I fancy ſhe is crying.

URSULA. Catharine, my dear Catharine, have I ſaid any thing to vex you? are you angry with me?

CATHARINE. On the other hand, dear child, your generous little heart makes me forget all my misfortunes.

URSULA. I am happy, then.

Here Mrs. Aglebert, as ſhe had promiſed, coming with Louiſa, interrupted their diſcourſe.

Well, I have done my work, ſaid ſhe; and we will now indulge ourſelves a little and ſit here a quarter of an hour, or ſo: tis ſuch fine weather. Bridget, have you brought your knitting with you?

BRIDGET. Yes, dear mother.

Mrs. AGLEBERT. And you, Urſula?

URSULA. Here's mine.

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Well, then, ſit down.

LOUISA. And, what ſhall I do?

Mrs. AGLEBERT. You ſhall ſit by Catharine, to do her any ſervice ſhe may want. I muſt accuſtom you betimes, to be as uſeful as your ſiſters.

LOUISA *(to Bridget.)* Let me have your place, then, ſiſter.

BRIDGET. No; ſit down upon the ground before her.

LOUISA. Yes, yes; ſo I will. *(She ſits down, and after a few minutes ſilence, pulls ſome flowers out,)*

Mrs. AGLEBERT. If I remember right, you told me, Bridget, Friar Gregory had ſent to have ſome converſation with your father?

BRIDGET. Yes, he has ſo.

URSULA. Oh, what fine carnations father Gregory has, growing in his garden!

LOUISA *(ready to cry, and getting up.)* Ah, dear me! Plague take you, Catharine; you have

have thrown down all my flowers! as you were turning.

CATHARINE. Did I? Pardon me, my child. I could not ſee them, as you know.

LOUISA *(ſtill crying.)* What ſhall I do? My violets all ſcattered!

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Well, what ails you?

LOUISA. Catharine has thrown down all my flowers. So ſhe may pick them up again. *(In a paſſion, and throwing away the other flowers.)* And theſe too.

BRIDGET. Fie, Louiſa!

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Let me ſettle it. Come hither. *(To Louiſa)* You are angry, then, with Catharine?

LOUISA. Yes, mammy; ſhe has ſcattered all my flowers about. See there.

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Bridget, give your hand to Catharine; and let her come a little forward. Urſula, get you up, too. And now, Louiſa, do you take the bench, and bring it nearer to us.

LOUISA. Yes, yes, that I will:—but, tis a deal too heavy, and I cannot ſtir it.

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Well, Louiſa, I will love you, then, no longer, ſince you cannot ſtir the bench.

LOUISA *(crying.)* But if I am not ſtrong enough to ſtir it, is it any fault of mine?

Mrs. AGLEBERT. You fancy I am in the wrong, then, to be angry with you upon that account?

LOUISA. Yes, certainly, you are; becauſe you know I am ſo little, I can never think of moving ſuch a naſty bench. *(She kicks it.)*

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Yes, yes, I do ſo. And pray, dont you know that Catharine is blind? could ſhe, then, ſee your flowers, or pick them up?

LOUISA. Well, I was in the wrong to cry then, and be angry with her.

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Is ſhe not ſufficiently unhappy, being blind?

CATHARINE *(taking hold of Mrs. Aglebert's hand)* No, I am not unhappy in the leaſt: your charity and goodneſs—

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Not a word of that, my poor, dear girl. Louiſa, if you do not look on Catharine, as if ſhe were your ſiſter, I will never look on you as if you were my child.

LOUISA. I love her very well; but ſhe is not my ſiſter.

Mrs. AGLEBERT. God thought fit to put her firſt into my hands, when ſhe had not a friend to help her. Was not this the ſame as ſaying, here is a ſixth child, I give you?

BRIDGET. Yes, yes, mother; juſt the ſame.

URSULA. So I think, likewiſe.

Mrs. AGLEBERT. So, too, will Louiſa, in a year or two. Her heart is good. Dear children, there is no enjoyment in the world without an honeſt heart. Your father, and myſelf, have both worked very hard, when

we

we were younger than we are, and found it difficult to live: but ſhe that does her duty, paſſes life in comfort; and beſides, you are to know that one good action, ſweetens ten years toil and ſorrow.

It was now about the time that Father Gregory had promiſed he would meet my Lady Seymour, who on that account, attended by her friend, came back from walking in the Park together. Mrs. Aglebert would have retired, together with her children; but, my Lady, who remembered Urſula, requeſted her to ſtay, as ſhe had ſomething ſhe would take that opportunity to ſpeak of, till the Father came, which would be very ſhortly, as ſhe told her. Mrs, Aglebert, obſerving Madame, would have fain apologized for not already having been to thank her for the kindneſs ſhown her children; but was interrupted by the Lady's aſking whether the poor blind young woman ſhe obſerved, was any way related to her?

No, good madam, anſwered Mrs. Aglebert.

And, no, ſaid Catharine, likewiſe; but tis juſt the ſame as if I were.

MADAME *(to Mrs. Aglebert.)* What trade do you purſue?

Mrs. AGLEBERT. I uſe my needle, madam.

Lady SEYMOUR. And will that ſupport your family?

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Yes, madam, we can live.

MADAME. And, yet, when firſt I met your children in the park, I was as much affected with their tattered garments, as their pretty figures. And excuſe me, if I ſay yourſelf are not apparently much better off.

Mrs. AGLEBERT. We are not rich, indeed, but we are quite content and happy.

Lady SEYMOUR *(to Madame.)* Does not this affect you?

MADAME. Yes, beyond expreſſion. *(To Mrs. Aglebert)* Here are three fine children: have you any others?

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Yes, thank God; two boys.

CATHARINE. And me, too, that ſhe keeps.

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Ah, Catharine!

Lady SEYMOUR. How?

CATHARINE. Tis to this worthy family, I owe my maintenance. They clothe, feed, dreſs, and wait upon me. Poor myſelf, infirm, ill ſometimes, and a burden always, I enjoy in them a father, mother, ſiſters brothers, ſervants; for they all unite to do me good.

MADAME. But, is it poſſible? Oh, heavens!

Lady SEYMOUR *(to Mrs. Aglebert.)* And how did this poor girl firſt fall into your hands?

Mrs. AGLEBERT. An aunt, who took care of her, lodged with me. She died, and Catharine had no one to ſubſiſt her. Upon which, I thought it was my duty to do ſomething for her.

CATHARINE. Which ſhe did with ſo much charity

charity and kindneſs, that for more a great deal than theſe two years paſt, I have been treated juſt as if I were her eldeſt daughter.

MADAME. Oh, incomparable woman! with a ſoul ſo elevated, to be placed by Providence in ſuch a humble ſituation!

Lady SEYMOUR. Let us know your name, that in whatever company we are, we may, with pleaſure, mention ſo reſpectable a character.

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Mary Aglebert.

Lady SEYMOUR. How! Aglebert? Why, that's the name I heard of father Gregory. Pray do you know that friar?

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Yes, madam. Hardly half an hour ago, he ſent to have a little converſation with my huſband.

CATHARINE. Yeſterday, he ſaw me in the garden of the Capuchins; and I related to him my whole ſtory.

MADAME. But how comes it, that this ſtory has been hitherto unknown in Spa? By what ſtrange means have ſo much virtue and beneficence kept hid?

CATHARINE. Becauſe my good protectors never talked about it. Then, too, I am often ill, and cannot poſſibly go out; and when I do, their eldeſt daughter takes me to ſuch places as are rarely much frequently. Never, but when Mrs. Aglebert is very buſy, does ſhe think it proper I ſhould walk in ſuch a public quarter as the Capuchins, which is no great way

way off, and then I go, indeed; but this has not been frequently; not more than half a dozen times, I fancy.

In the middle of this converſation, Urſula cried out, and ſaid, ſhe ſaw the Father coming. I am glad of that, began Louiſa; for he always gives me flowers.

Her Ladyſhip addreſſed herſelf to father Gregory, on his approach, with news of having found the treaſure he had mentioned at their former meeting.

GREGORY. Yes, indeed, my Lady, have you. Well, then, Mrs. Aglebert, at preſent, thank your benefactreſs, Lady Seymour, who, deſirous of beſtowing fifty louiſdores upon the worthieſt family at Spa in want, has fixed her choice on yours.

CATHARINE *(lifting up her hands.)* Oh, heaven! oh, heaven!

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Fifty louiſdores! — No, madam: tis too much! too much, indeed!

CATHARINE. Where is ſhe? this good lady? — put me by her, Bridget, inſtantly, that I may fall upon my knees, and bleſs her charity.

MADAME. Poor creature! how ſhe moves me! And how happy muſt not you be, too, my Lady!

CATHARINE *(taking hold of Lady Seymour's gown.)* Is this ſhe, pray?

Lady SEYMOUR *(holding out her hand.)* Yes, my child.

CATHARINE,

CATHARINE *(falling on her knees.)* Oh, madam! all my life time will I bleſs you. You rejoice the hearts of a reſpectable and worthy family; but mine much more.

Lady SEYMOUR *(raiſing her.)* Yes, I conceive your happineſs, my dear, young woman, and enjoy it with you.

Mrs. AGLEBERT. Every night and morning, madam, in my prayers to God, I ſhall have reaſon to make mention of your worthy name.

Lady SEYMOUR. Intreat him to preſerve me the ineſtimable bleſſing of a feeling heart. At night, good father Gregory will let you have the money.

GREGORY. Yes, it ſhall be ready for you. Coming hither, I paſſed by the new Vauxhall, and heard the muſic: but believe me, I would venture any wager, that the pleaſure of the company within, is not a twentieth part of what you feel, my Lady.

Lady SEYMOUR They are to be pitied, if they never taſte our happineſs.

My lady ended here the converſation, by expreſſing a deſire of ſeeing Mr. Aglebert. The Father ſaid, he muſt by that time, be got home, and recommended their repairing thither inſtantly; but, as the friar's flowers were always upwards in his head, addreſſing Mrs. Aglebert, he told her, ſhe muſt do him a great favour, by prevailing on her Ladyſhip to come and ſee his garden. She deſerves, ſaid he, the beſt

beſt carnation in all Spa; and no one but myſelf can make her ſuch a preſent.

Lady Seymour, hearing this, renewed her promiſe of a viſit to the friar; and Mrs. Aglebert begged leave to ſhow the way to her poor habitation.

THE

HUSBAND FORTUNATELY RIVALLED.

PHILIPPA, ſaid a certain nobleman, one day on his return from court, while ſitting with his daughter, I ſuppoſe your heart is free. I am not in an error, am I?

Free, ſir? ſaid Philippa, with a bluſh of modeſty. My heart?—Why aſk me ſuch a queſtion?

The NOBLEMAN. It is not without a motive. You are ſenſible, Philippa, that unhappily you are the only child of one diſtinguiſhed for his title, and a favourite with the king.

PHI-

PHILIPPA. Unhappily?

The NOBLEMAN. I think ſo: for, at leaſt, there is one circumſtance attending thoſe of your exalted birth, in which the daughter of an individual is much happier. If, for inſtance, one day or another, you ſhould be compelled to marry, and not have the freedom of conſulting your own heart in the affair.

Philippa anſwered not a word.

My dear Philippa, he went on. I have foreſeen a long while this would be your lot. It was my duty to watch over you, that ſhould things fall out ſo, you might not have a lover to give up. You loſt your mother upwards of nine years ago, when you were only eight. Immediately on her deceaſe, I ſent you to a diſtance from the capital, and had you educated by a faithful friend. I hope you have not yet formed any intimacy that will make obedience painful to you.

PHILIPPA. I, ſir?

The NOBLEMAN. By your looks, I ſee you have not; and tis all the better for you. What you will be ſo ſoon compelled to do, on this account, will be much eaſier to you; and your father likewiſe will have one diſpleaſing thought the leſs.

PHILIPPA. *Compelled* to do, ſir?

The NOBLEMAN. Hear me. It was not without a motive you were ſent for up to town. A gentleman, diſtinguiſhed for the talents of his head and virtues of his heart, has lately been

been promoted to the miniſtry. This very day you are to ſee this gentleman: prepare then to receive him, as the perſon meant to be your huſband.

PHILIPPA. Meant to be my huſband?

The NOBLEMAN. Yes; for I have pledged my promiſe. This alliance is a matter of the greateſt moment to our houſe; and therefore, in a month, Philippa, you will change your name—Philippa would have anſwered; but ſhe could not find a word.

The NOBLEMAN. So, promiſe your conſent to an alliance that will aggrandiſe ſtill more the fortunes of our houſe.

Philippa, it is true, had never ſeen the miniſter; but then too, ſhe had never been in love, and therefore awed by fatherly authority, ſhe promiſed.

In an hour or two, the lover came. Philippa ſaw a man before her with one eye, and whoſe right ſhoulder was at leaſt an inch above the other. On the point of ſwooning, ſhe was forced to quit the room. The lover thought it modeſty, and was not in the leaſt offended.

She returned. Her lover, full of hopes from what the nobleman had told him, took her by the hand, and aſked if ſhe conſented to his happineſs. Philippa anſwered *yes*, but with a trembling voice; and inſtantly went out again, nor could ſhe be prevailed on to re-enter: and at night ſhe fell down at her father's feet.

Muſt

Muſt I then have recourſe to my authority? ſaid this ambitious father, and withdrew.

As neither of the parties wiſhed to have the town talk much about them, it was ſettled that the marriage ſhould be celebrated in the country, at a ſeat the father had in Suſſex; and that no one but the friend Philippa hitherto had lived with, ſhould be preſent at the ceremony.

After the concluſion of this ceremony, the diſtreſſed Philippa took the firſt convenient opportunity, and put into her lover's hand the following letter:

"I have paid obedience to my father, and am now your wife: the rights you have acquired I ſhall account for ever ſacred; but my heart is pained within me, and I aſk permiſſion for returning back to my retreat in Suſſex with the lady who was preſent at our marriage. If you grant me ſuch a favour, my ideas of your merit will be greatly heightened."

Her ideas of his merit, as this narrative will ſhow, were not miſplaced: he read the letter, and reſolved to grant the favour ſhe requeſted. When her father came to know of the affair, he was proceeding to inveigh againſt her, till his ſon-in-law informed him it ſhould not diſturb the friendſhip of their families, thus recently united: they agreed, the marriage ſhould be ſtill kept ſecret, as Philippa's ſentiments might alter.

She ſet out for Suſſex with her friend: the lover fed his hopes with the idea of this alteration,

tion, and from time to time Philippa's friend did every thing ſhe could, by way of working on her to return; but every day increaſed within her the averſion ſhe gave way to for her huſband.

She had now been upwards of a month in Suſſex, and ſeen none excepting farmers and their wives: but, as it chanced, one evening being ſeated at the window of a little ſummer houſe that overlooked the road, ſhe heard the trotting of a horſe, and thinking only of ſome honeſt peaſant paſſing by, looked out; but was ſurpriſed to ſee an officer go by and pull his hat off as he paſſed her. She purſued him with her eye, and would have wiſhed her eye ſight had reached farther.

Some how or another, people think that what has happened to them at a certain place and time of day, again will happen there: this thought, as we ſhall find, determined both the ſtranger and Philippa's reaſonings. She was in the ſummer houſe next evening, and the officer went by, as he had done before. She could not but get up, and as the officer ſaluted her, ſhe could not but return it. As it chanced, her handkerchief dropped from her on the pathway, while her hand was leaning on the window board: the officer obſerving it, alighted from his horſe, picked up the handkerchief, and now was in the garden, where Philippa thanked him with ſuch viſible confuſion in her countenance,

tenance, that he, on his part, knew not what to ſay.

He aſked her leave to ſee the garden. She conſented, and they walked together; but the officer admired the lady moſt of all. She learned he was a captain in the King's foot guards, and had but juſt before acquired a little farm that had been ſo neglected by the tenant, as to need great alterations, which would keep him there ſome time. The garden pleaſed him infinitely, as he ſaid; and going out, he durſt aſk leave to viſit at the houſe in form upon the morrow, and obtained it.

He was punctual; and at ſix that evening, waited on Philippa's guardian, and Philippa likewiſe, as a neighbour, lately come among them. The behaviour of Philippa was a little diſtant, but the lady treated him with great diſtinction. After he was gone, ſhe did not ſtint her commendation of him: but Philippa uttered no one word of her preceding interview. She fancied yeſterday it was too ſoon, and now imagined it too late.

The officer was deep in love, and having on his viſit learned whatever he thought neceſſary, came to the determination of deciding what his fate ſhould be. He therefore came a third time to the ſummer houſe, and found Philippa there as uſual: he went in, and ſome how or another they were ſeated ſoon beſide each other.

By a ſort of inſtinct, he proceeded to impreſs a kiſs upon her lips. Philippa got away.

An angry look, but full of tenderneſs, informed him he was loved, if he could be diſcreet.

Forgive me, dear Philippa, ſaid the officer: reſpect might eaſily forget itſelf with you. But I renounce this kiſs, till I can have an anſwer from your father, and will write a letter to his lordſhip by the poſt this night.

PHILIPPA. A letter to my father! Ah, for heaven's ſake, do not.

The OFFICER. And why not, Philippa?

PHILIPPA. For a ſecret reaſon.

The OFFICER. For a ſecret reaſon!

PHILIPPA. Yes, that none are privy to except ſome friends.

The OFFICER. And what I muſt not know of?

PHILIPPA. Yes, I will acquaint you with it. I muſt do ſo.—I am married.

The OFFICER. You, Philippa, married!

PHILIPPA. Yes; and hereupon ſhe told him the whole ſecret, adding why, though married, ſhe was where he found her.

Ferdinand, the officer, was ſtruck, as with a thunder bolt, when ſhe pronounced her huſband's name. He could ſcarce draw his breath. He roſe, however, with a ſigh, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, fell proſtrate at Philippa's feet; bedewed her hand with tears, and kiſſed it; adding, he would ſee her once again before the ſun was ſet.

Philippa, motionleſs and ſtupied, with her head

head bent forward, fixed her eyes upon the ground, and gave at length a heart-fetched ſigh that eaſed it.

With what horrible inquietude did ſhe not often aſk herſelf, if ſhe could decently permit theſe ſecret interviews? It was however to be feared, that, blinded by his paſſion, he might hazard ſome raſh meaſure with her father. She was therefore bound in prudence to requeſt, he would conceal the ſecret, which ſhe could not do unleſs ſhe once more ſaw him.

He returned in tears, and gave her ſomething he had writtten; tied a portrait round her neck, and could not poſſibly refrain while he was doing it, from kiſſing her.

He was a great way off already, when Philippa thought of looking after him. Why did he go away ſo ſoon, ſaid ſhe? This ſtrange behaviour frightened her; and with a trembling hand ſhe broke his letter open, which was moiſtened with a ſhower of tears. What can the purport of it be? ſaid ſhe.

"I was but fourteen years of age," began the letter, "and your huſband twenty. He was then a captain in the guards. His elegant appearance made him a diſtinguiſhable character. If any one had need to inſtance a fine figure, he was cited.

I had quarrelled with a brother officer of nearly twice my age, who challenged me; and we were both gone out to fight. He learned the affair, came after us before the ground was

meaſured, ſeized my arms; and ordering thoſe who were my ſeconds to take care of me, retired with my opponent to accommodate the matter, as he ſaid.

Undoubtedly he was not able to reſtrain his indignation, while he argued with a man who had not been aſhamed to fight a child; for he compelled your huſband to engage him on the ſpot. I will, ſir, ſaid your huſband, on condition *you* fire firſt.

The ball unhappily beat out his eye.

At the report we haſtened up and found your huſband in the action of advancing with a piſtol in his hand, and thought we ſhould have ſeen the officer drop down; inſtead of which, we heard your huſband ſay: Here is another piſtol: fire again.

Inſtead of which, he fell down proſtrate on the ground before your huſband.

And you likewiſe, child, went on my friend, with a conciliating ſmile, be wiſer for the future. Having ſaid thus much, he made the ſeconds promiſe they would keep the affair a ſecret.

He contrived a likely ſtory to account for ſuch a loſs as he had undergone; on which there was not the leaſt mention made of my opponent or myſelf. When he was cured, he thought it proper to ſell out, and that he might be uſeful to his country in another way, renounced ſociety, and ſat down day and night with ſo much ardour to the ſtudy of the law,

that

that always bending at his desk, that interesting figure he once had, was utterly distorted in the manner you observe it now.

Without the least idea of my crime, I was upon the point, Philippa, of evincing an ungrateful nature, in return for so much goodness shown me by your husband; but his name has all at once put out the ardour of a lover; and I look upon you for the future as a sister, earnestly entreating you by every thing, thought generous and noble, to avoid no longer one that merits your affection. I have always kept a portrait by me of your husband that was drawn before this melancholy accident, and which I thought a treasure dearer to me than my life. I mean to place it on the bosom of his lovely bride. Examine it, and you will own the bounteous hand of nature had enobled the original twas drawn from, to a very high degree.

At least, endeavour to become acquainted with him; and I dare assert you will be inwardly convinced of these two points, that having but one eye, and being outwardly deformed, one may be very lovely. He that writes this letter would have valiantly contested your affections with a monarch, but can never stoop to act a crime."

Philippa's bosom swelled as if to take in so much magnanimity. She cast a furtive, or stolen glance upon the portrait, and withdrew to her apartment. On the morrow, when she 'woke,

'woke, the firſt thing ſhe beheld was what ſhe had laſt gazed at the preceding night, her huſband's picture, which ſhe owned was the reſemblance of a beauteous figure.

She got up; and in the courſe of thoſe two months that followed after, had peruſed her letter, and examined every feature of the picture, thrice a day at leaſt. In this examination, ſhe would ſigh at laſt and weep.

Poor gentleman! ſhe would cry out: loſe ſuch an eye! and not that *only*, but in ſuch a manner!

The averſion ſhe had always manifeſted for the miniſter was now converted into pity. Not a word, would ſhe exclaim with admiration, of reproach on him, for whom ſo fine an eye was loſt! What magnanimity! and after having made theſe exclamations, ſhe would riſe and tie the portrait round her neck.

Oh, then Philippa wore it day and night; and yet this habit did not make her leſs think of it. Sometimes, when ſhe meditated on that heroiſm, the original had acted with, ſhe would, without intending ſuch an action, put the portrait to her lips, and kiſs it with a ſwelling boſom.

Autumn was by this time nearly over, when Philippa's father came to ſee her: he inquired what hopes her guardian had to give him. None, replied the guardian. At this *none*, the father gave a ſhrug, and during his whole ſtay of ſeveral days, the miniſter was not once men-

mentioned. When juſt ready to ſet off, however, he aſſumed a ſmile, like people that ſpeak jeſtingly, and aſked Philippa, whether ſhe ſhould like to keep him company, as he was going up to London?

It is utterly impoſſible, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould be wife to him that would have been your ſon-in-law; but if he would receive me as his friend, I will go with you.

The aſtoniſhed father, upon this, embraced his daughter; ſtaid a little longer in the country, and then brought Philippa up to London, and preſented her at court. Her marriage to the miniſter was openly declared, and ſhe reſided with him. Every one conſidered her his wife, while ſhe at home was with him on the footing of a ſiſter.

The ſiſter, notwithſtanding, every day became more intereſting to the brother. Her enchanting modeſty and the ſedulity ſhe manifeſted for her huſband made him in reality her lover. But, as hitherto, he had kept ſilence, though her huſband, ſo at preſent, as her lover, he revered the promiſe he had made, of viewing her no otherwiſe than as a friend, when he received her.

Philippa, in her huſband, ſaw a man reſpected by the great and little, and ſurrounded, though a miniſter, on every ſide, by friends. This could not but have ſome effect upon her: ſhe began (at leaſt he thought ſo) to conſider him with other eyes, than as a ſiſter; conſequently, ſome-

ſometimes he would take ſome freedoms that before he had not; and accordingly, one day as he was wandering over every beauty his Philippa hid, with ſo much modeſty, he durſt proceed a little farther, and imagined he perceived a portrait in her boſom.

Heaven can tell, I love Philippa, ſaid her huſband to himſelf, I love Philippa; but Philippa is unhappy. It is true I love her, and am therefore equally unhappy.

The next day he paid his wife a viſit in her chamber, which he never had done hitherto. He bade her woman leave the apartment, and then kiſſed her hand reſpectfully. Philippa knew not what to make of ſuch a viſit; but deſired him to ſit down, which he complied with.

Hear me, he began. You love, Philippa. I am ſure your heart is too ſincere and noble to conceal a ſorrow that my brotherly affection would not have diſcovered. This is what has brought me into your apartment; that, if poſſible, you might be ſome few hours leſs wretched than you would be otherwiſe. Yes, I am ſure you love. For ſome days paſt, I have obſerved you inconſolable. Who, let me aſk, then, is the happy man?—He, very poſſibly, whoſe picture you have now about you.

Yes, replied Philippa, faintly.

I can bear no longer, ſaid the huſband, to behold your ſecret ſorrows: therefore, from this moment, you are free. By virtue of my intimacy,

macy with thoſe that have authority in ſuch affairs, I can procure a ſeparation. All I aſk is, that at length, when you are happy with the youth you have made choice of, you would now and then reflect upon that friend who will eternally reſpect you.

Saying this he roſe, and would have left the apartment: but Philippa flung herſelf into his arms, proteſting ſhe would never leave him. Here, ſaid ſhe, dear huſband, is the picture; and then told him every thing.

Philippa and her huſband after this were happy with each other, as the captain likewiſe was, in having laid the ground work of that happineſs.

THE

NATURAL DAUGHTER.

MR. Powell, being taken up in ſerious converſation with his nephew, Valentinian,—after much debate upon the impropriety of what he wiſhed to do, went on as follows: No, dear Valentinian, you may talk as long

long as you think fit, and you may love Miſs Manningham as much as you think proper; but ſhall never be indulged with my conſent to marry her. I cannot give my ſanction to your marriage with a girl, whoſe birth is not legitimate. Men's notions and the decency of things will not allow I ſhould.

VALENTINIAN. Men's notions and the decency of things! but do you think thoſe notions and that decency you ſpeak of are not to be reprehended, when they fain would make a child reſponſible for what ſhe could not poſſibly prevent? and puniſh her unjuſtly? Is not ſuch a child ſufficiently unhappy in the circumſtance of having nothing like a claim upon the fortune of her parents, that her birth muſt be degraded likewiſe? Tis in this, men's notions and the decency of things are to be highly cenſured. They inculcate maxims void of juſtice and humanity. Opprobrious prejudices, will you always keep our reaſon fettered!

Mr. POWELL. Yes, declaim as much as you think fit againſt thoſe prejudices; but remember they are every where received: and I ſhall therefore hardly yield the point up which your intereſt or convenience bids you thus attack. Be married to a baſtard! Tis not to be borne!

VALENTINIAN. But if that perſon you diſtinguiſh by a name ſo odious have a handſome fortune, with a charming figure, and unite the virtues of the heart, with all the beauties

beauties of a lively underſtanding, will not theſe, all put together, make amends for that legitimacy fortune has denied her? I will go a little farther ſtill, and prove, that even in our prejudices, which in general are void of common ſenſe, it muſt be much more advantageous to eſpouſe a baſtard, as you call it, than one lawfully begot.

Mr. POWELL. Oh, now you come as uſual to your paradoxes. Truly, may I ſay, you rank among the ſimpletons ſo common in the preſent times that doubt of nothing.

VALENTINIAN. I will rank with any you think proper, uncle; but ſuppoſe I prove my propoſition?

Mr. POWELL. Aye, by all means let us have this proof.

VALENTINIAN. Of every prejudice diſgracing human reaſon, will you not acknowledge *that* the moſt unjuſt and cruel, which compels us to conſider thoſe diſhonoured, who are near of kindred to ſuch criminals, for inſtance, as are puniſhed for their crimes by juſtice?

Mr. POWELL. Moſt unjuſt and cruel! No; tis, on the other hand, eſtabliſhed on ſtrict juſtice, ſince it makes it the concern and intereſt of relations to keep watch on one another's conduct, and ſo mutually reſtrain thoſe crimes, that being perpetrated by an individual of their number, might diſgrace them all. By that, are families preſerved in their reciprocal connection with each other, and compelled to give the

younger branches of them a becoming education; and tis thus, *that* prejudice you would find fault with, is productive of much good, or hinders, on the other hand, much harm.

VALENTINIAN. A moment, ſir: yes, it is proper that a family ſhould thus be intereſted in preventing a diſhonour that might ſpread from the offending to the innocent relation: but, in ſpite of every caution taken by the upright, does it not even often happen, that, in families, an individual ſhall prove criminal, and his diſhonour be in no degree imputable to any of the reſt? Mankind are ſo perverſe when they incline to evil, and ſo ſpeedy in the perpetration of it.

Mr. POWELL. I agree indeed this ſometimes happens.

VALENTINIAN. Oh, if you agree in this, agree then likewiſe, that if baſtardy muſt undergo the inconvenience of that prejudice which ſcandalizes illegitimacy, it is ſheltered from another, whoſe effects are much more cruel. Far then from deſpiſing this young lady for her illegitimacy, I wiſh I were as ſhe is: for in that caſe, I ſhould have no cauſe to apprehend diſhonour from the crimes of any near relation.

Mr. POWELL. You could wiſh you were a baſtard! A fine wiſh indeed!

VALENTINIAN. More reaſonable than you think; for in the firſt place, were I ſo, you would not then refuſe me your conſent to an alliance

alliance upon which depends the happineſs of my exiſtence.

Mr. POWELL. Well, but ſince you are not ſo, I *do* refuſe you my conſent: ſo let us ſpeak no more of that. What more have you to ſay then with your wiſh of baſtardy?

VALENTINIAN. This wiſh is not ſo grievouſly miſplaced as you ſuppoſe; and ſince you can refuſe me, on a fooliſh prejudice, your leave to marry a young lady that would otherwiſe, as I am certain, make me happy, you compel me to break ſilence, and diſcloſe a circumſtance I have till now kept from you. It will ſhow, I ſhould not prove ſo nice as you would have me be, in fixing on a wife, and that I have good reaſon to deſire I had been born a baſtard.

Mr. POWELL. What would you be at? I hope this love, dear nephew, has not cracked your brain.

VALENTINIAN. Not that: but it induces me to uſe the only means I have to make you overcome a prejudice, by ſhowing you I am become the victim of another, to the full as fooliſh.

Mr. POWELL. What does all this nonſenſe mean? Tis Greek and Hebrew to me.

VALENTINIAN. You ſhall underſtand it, ſince you force me to ſpeak out; but if I grieve you, be perſuaded, uncle, tis with great regret. You know I have a brother living down at Tiverton, who being only my half brother, that is on my mother's ſide, is not of kin to you.

Mr. POWELL. I have been told ſo; but dont know him. All I am informed of, is the young man's name. Tis Holliſon, which was your mother's huſband's.

VALENTINIAN. Yes, ſir. Well; that brother, at the age of five-and-twenty, got a place in the exciſe, and was receiver of the duties in the neighbourhood of Tiverton. But two months ſince he diſappeared without adjuſting his accounts, or leaving any of the money he had touched by virtue of his office. To conceal this piece of fraud, he had it buzzed about that an affair of honour had compelled his diſappearance: but that previouſly thereto, he had depoſited the money with a gentleman of character at Tiverton, acknowledged univerſally as ſuch, and one who is his friend. This friend has publicly declared he does not know a ſyllable about the matter, otherwiſe than as he learnt it from the papers: on this declaration have the exciſe commiſſioners thought fit to ſuperſede him. I received this news a week ago, which I concealed from you, and would have done ſo ſtill, but that you forced me, as I ſaid juſt now, to triumph over you, while you were yielding to one prejudice, by telling you another that diſhonours me unjuſtly. Think now, if I ought to be the advocate of thoſe falſe notions that confound the guiltleſs with the guilty? and determine, if I ſhould not be the happier, had I but been born a baſtard. After this then, will you not forgive

Miſs

Miſs Manningham an origin, that my unhappy brother's conduct makes me wiſh for?

Mr. Powell. I am ſcarce myſelf, in conſequence of this alarming news! What, Valentinian! has your brother done all this; poor youth, how I compaſſionate you now! But if Miſs Manningham, together with her governeſs, who is in ſome ſort as a mother to her, ſhould but learn this ſtory.—Happily indeed, your brother has not the ſame name as you!

Valentinian. However that be, I have told them every thing. I would not keep the matter hid a moment; but proceeded to find out, if I ſhould be obliged to give up every hope of the connection I ſo wiſhed for, whether I might ſtill continue to indulge my boſom in the expectation of it.

Mr. Powell. What! and do you mean to tell me that the information did not put the lady out of the conceit of marrying you?

Valentinian. Yes, ſir: much more philoſophical than you, let me expreſs myſelf ſo, deareſt uncle, and diſpoſed to look at things in their true point of view, their anſwer baniſhed the idea I had given way to, of impreſſions to my diſadvantage from this blot in the behaviour of my brother. They conſidered that all faults are perſonal, or ſhould be ſo; and told me that the crime of my relation did not take away that merit they had always ſeen in me. The governeſs, however, told me ſhe would write about it to the parents of Miſs Manningham,

who live a great way diſtant from each other, one in Eſſex, and the other in Northumberland; and whoſe good will ſhe had, till then, with ſo much kindneſs huſbanded in my behalf. She has theſe three days paſt expected their reply; but I am much afraid, it may not be ſo favourable, as ſhe ſeems to think it will be. Should I be ſo happy, as to find it what I wiſh, will you refuſe me ſtill, dear uncle, your conſent?

Mr. POWELL. No, Valentinian: the ſuperior generoſity of theſe two women, with that firmneſs and philoſophy with which they look on things,—all, all inſtruct me to think better than I did, and ſee as they do. You *muſt*, notwithſtanding, know, dear nephew, that but few have *their* ideas; ſo that I fear likewiſe, that the anſwer, when you get it, will—

VALENTINIAN. Whatever it may be, it will determine the repoſe or miſery of my life: How much, dear uncle, is not your unhappy nephew to be pitied. At the moment I had got into ſo honourable an employment, the diſhonour of my brother will be known; nay, poſſibly I may be ſtripped of my appointment, and condemned to ſhare in the diſgrace of my relation; and all this for his miſconduct. What a ſituation! Is there any juſtice, ſir, in this?

Mr. POWELL. No, no; and you are in the right; I ſee it clearly. Such a prejudice is frightful in the extreme.

VALEN-

VALENTINIAN. And *that* I firſt exclaimed againſt:—is it a whit more reaſonable?

Mr. POWELL. No, indeed, it is not; but *(looking through the window)* I ſee their carriage at the door: they are come home. Go down and bid the ſervant give them my reſpects, and ſay I wiſh to ſee them, as my rheumatiſm will not let me ſtir abroad. *(Valentinian quits the room.)* What difficulty, reaſon, and a proper way of thinking, meet with, to aſſert their empire in the human boſom!

VALENTINIAN *(re-entering.)* I have ſent your meſſage. Robert is gone with it.

Mr. POWELL. They will not be long, then. Where can they have been ſo early?

VALENTINIAN. I am at a loſs to gueſs indeed; unleſs to take the air, or learn that character Miſs Manningham was ſpeaking of laſt night: but here they come.

Miſs Manningham's GOVERNESS *(entering with her pupil.)* Good morning to you, Mr. Powell. We were coming over, when your ſervant met us, with your invitation. But how are you, ſir?

Mr. POWELL. In health, quite well: my rheumatiſm only ſomewhat pains me now and then——

The GOVERNESS *(to Valentinian.)* Ah, you are there, good Mr. Valentinian. Well, I have received the anſwer I expected. It was brought me late laſt night.

VALENTINIAN. My lot is then decided.

Fear

Fear not, madam, to ſpeak every thing before my uncle. I have told him the affair between us.

The GOVERNESS. You have acted very properly.

Mr. POWELL. Well, madam, is his ſuit complied with?

The GOVERNESS. No, indeed, ſir: I inform you of it with reluctance; but the parents of Miſs Manningham can never, as they tell me, now conſent to a connection that they did not diſapprove of, previous to the great misfortune that has happened to you, through the medium of your brother. I am very ſorry I muſt give you theſe ill tidings; but the parents of my pupil do not think as I do.

VALENTINIAN. I am then the unhappieſt of mankind!

The GOVERNESS. They have injoined me likewiſe to inform you of a circumſtance that renders the refuſal of your offer, in their thoughts, more reaſonable: namely, that at preſent they are coming up themſelves to London, to be married: after which, as far as ſuch a ſtep is practicable, they deſign to fix Miſs Manningham in all the privileges of legitimacy. They, however, thank you for the preference you gave their child. In ſhort, ſir, they eſteem and pity you, but cannot poſſibly do more.

VALENTINIAN. I muſt be ſatisfied with their good thoughts; being happy, in a degree, to find they

hey think me worthy their eſteem and pity; nd I hope, that you, good madam, and my ear young lady, you will ſhow me no leſs fa- our. God diſpoſe of me reſpecting all things lſe, as he thinks proper: but I fear I ſhall not ong ſurvive this ſhock.

Miſs MANNINGHAM. Ah, ſir! your ſitu- tion is not deſperate. I am ſenſible of your ttachment to me, and ſhall always recollect, my lot but ſerved to make me dearer to you. For a length of time preceding the misfortune hat has happened to your brother, I could ſee, hat, out of tenderneſs for me, you put aſide the cruel prejudice I laboured under; and I look on *hat* affecting now your reputation, as no leſs unjuſt and cruel. I ſhall ſee my parents very ſoon, when I will mention every thing that paſſes in my heart, and tell them, I ſhall always be unhappy, if they do not grant me their permiſſion to acquit myſelf of all the debt I owe you.

VALENTINIAN. No, my dear young lady. I can never wiſh, that by connection with a per- ſon ſituated as I am at preſent, through my brother's conduct, you ſhould be reflected on by the cenſorious world: let me, however, ſtill enjoy the boaſt of your eſteem, which is the whole I am permitted now to hope for at your hand. But who is this?—My brother!

The BROTHER *(entering.)* Yes, dear Va- lentinian, tis myſelf: bluſh not that I embrace you. I have never acted ſo as to be really un-

worthy

worthy of ſo doing; and I came as ſoon as poſſible to do away the grief I may have brought upon you, innocently. In the firſt place, know then I have triumphed over the pernicious ſcheme deviſed againſt my reputation.

VALENTINIAN. Is it poſſible, dear brother? Speak, and bring me back in ſome ſort to new life.

The BROTHER *(to the uncle.)* I know not, ſir, and ladies, whether you have any intimation of the matter——

VALENTINIAN. Yes, yes, brother; they know all. This gentleman, I am to tell you, is my uncle; and the ladies are ſo kind as to concern themſelves in all my happineſs: beſides, if you would juſtify your conduct, can you do it in the hearing of too many.

The BROTHER. It will ſpeedily be juſtified in public; and at preſent, I have every voucher: the affair is this. You muſt have heard of my diſmiſſion: it was owing to the plot of that perfidious friend, with whom I had depoſited (whatever has been told you) every farthing of the money paid me for the laſt ſix weeks, in my collection. I had alſo put into his hands, requeſting him, when called on, to produce them, my accounts; and wrote to the commiſſioners, informing them of this proceeding; and then adding, that a very ſerious matter forced me to be abſent for a while; but that I hoped my former conduct would entitle me to favour, and

my

my office be reſerved me, till for certain it was known I could not poſſibly come back, which I had hopes I ſhould be able to accompliſh. This falſe friend, to whom I truſted all my intereſt in this manner, knew I had withdrawn myſelf in conſequence of an affair of honour; having dangerouſly wounded my opponent, and imagining the man would die, which was indeed the opinion of his ſurgeon, utterly denied his having been intruſted with a farthing by me, when I went away. I was accordingly diſmiſſed from my appointment, and the excife ſolicitor had orders to proceed againſt my ſureties. I was all this while concealed near York, but durſt not ſhow myſelf. God's providence, however, has diſpoſed of all things better far than I could poſſibly have hoped for. My perfidious friend fell ill of a malignant fever, three days after he had thus betrayed me. His diſorder ſoon proved mortal; and an hour or two before his death, he made a full confeſſion of his wickedneſs in my affair. My adverſary likewiſe unexpectedly was now recovering. I came forth; and have retrieved my character, and conſequently got my place again.

VALENTINIAN. God's providence be praiſed, that you are happily thus reinſtated! and do you forgive me, brother, the ſuſpicion I fell into. I confeſs I thought you guilty.

The BROTHER. My dear Valentinian; he that, for the ſake of eight ſcore pounds, I left

on

on my abſconding, with him, for twas abſolutely not a penny more, could be induced to ruin me, has ſhown that one ſhould never judge what any man is, till he lies upon his death bed.

VALENTINIAN. Ah, dear uncle! I am now alive again and happy. Ladies, all my hopes ſpring up again, in conſequence of what has happened, and I dare believe that Miſs——

The GOVERNESS. You may dare hope for every thing, ſince matters have thus changed. Rely on my aſſurance.

VALENTINIAN. Judge, dear brother, what a great misfortune your unhappy buſineſs had already brought upon my head, ſince, with my loſs of reputation, I had loſt, in this young lady here, thoſe hopes of a connection that alone could make me happy.

Mr. POWELL. But the worſt is paſſed; and you *will* now be happy.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

SCENE, *The Country.*

A PEASANT *(ſinging at his work.)*

THERE was a jolly fellow
Liv'd on the river Dee, &c.

A GENTLEMAN *(going by.)* You ſeem merry, my friend.

The PEASANT. And, pray, why ſhould I not?

The GENTLEMAN. Why, indeed, if you are but content with your lot.

The PEASANT. If I were not ſo, ſir, I ſhould be in the wrong.

The GENTLEMAN. But, pray, is it thus with you, friend, all day long?
You are married, no doubt?

The PEASANT. Yes; thank God for my lot.

The GENTLEMAN. And do all married people then ſing?—I thought not.

The PEASANT. Since I have been ſo, I've done nothing but ſing.
Pray, do not your London fine folks the ſame thing?

The GENTLEMAN. And little ones, friend, have you any?

The PEASANT. Yes, ten.

And great hopes there withal, my good dame now and then,

Will go on having more; tho' you'd tell me, no doubt,

Ten's enough, could you ſee thoſe I have, run about.

The GENTLEMAN. Yes, I think ſo indeed: why then wiſh, friend, for more?

The PEASANT. Ah, ſir! in my life time, poor things! I've loſt four.

They are gone back to God, who does all for the beſt:

But hang ſorrow for me; and long life laugh and jeſt.

For as juſt now, I ſaid, if I live, and do well,

I may get thoſe again; and even more.—Who can tell?

The GENTLEMAN. And your wife, friend, is pretty?

The PEASANT. Much more, ſir; ſhe's good.

And when I've ſaid that, all the reſt's underſtood.

The GENTLEMAN. And young?

The PEASANT. She is, is,—let me think; —I cant tell;

But one never grows old, as you know, while one's well.

Who

Who of children ten fine ones like hers has
to ſhow,
Need not bluſh to be gaz'd at, where'er ſhe
may go.
Their wants to ſupply, as ſhe bends all her
mind,
To that is her motherly love all confin'd.
Oh, ſir! I can ſay, ſhe's an excellent wife!
The GENTLEMAN. You love her then dearly?
The PEASANT. As dearly as life.
Of me, her good man too, ſhe takes ſo much
care,
Who from loving a woman like this could for-
bear.
She is gentle and prudent, and ne'er likes to
roam,
Like too many, abroad, but ſtays always at
home.
The GENTLEMAN. And your children, are
they too all likely to thrive?
The PEASANT. You ſhould ſee, to know that;
they're like bees round a hive.
In the firſt place, there's Frank. He's the
eldeſt; a lad,
With more ſpunk in his veins than poor I
ever had.
We go out both together, and oft for all day;
And he's always before or behind the whole
way.
My girls too:—Oh, they, ſir, are what you
ſhould ſee.
Their looks are at all times a banquet for me.

My leaſt boy ſtill ſucks; and as ſure as a gun,
Whenever his ſiſters draw nigh out of fun,
As if they would ſuck too,—with his little hand ſo
He will ſlap them away, and cry almoſt, go, go.
So ſhould any one ſnub our young two-ſhoes, e'er long,
With a word and a blow he'll be at him ding dong.

The GENTLEMAN. You are quite then content with your fortune, good friend?

The PEASANT. Yes, quite: you ſhould ſee when my work's at an end,
And home I am come, how wife, children, and all,
Come about me, male, female, ſhort, middling, and tall.
You would hardly ſuppoſe that no more than a day,
But a week, month, or year, they had thought me away:
They ſpeak all at once, and ſo tenderly too,
That I know not on which I ſhould firſt fix my view.
My ſecond, called Dick, can ſcarce reach to my knee;
So he gets,—— tis a play the young urchin to ſee——
So he gets on a chair, and you could not cry Jack,
But he's faſt round my neck, or has got on my back.

My

My girls, all the while too, are friſking about,
Like folks, in whoſe head, when wine's in, the wit's out.
And two-ſhoes, juſt mentioned, who laid all along
On his mammy's own bed, ſees what work's going on,
Stretches out both his hands, as if meaning to ſay,
Come here, and I'll kiſs you too no leſs than they.
I jump up at the ſight. I run to him; the reſt
Follow after. I ſtrain them all cloſe to my breaſt.
They all ſtretch out their arms, and I ſtretch out mine too.
I kiſs them, and hardly can tell what I do.
Ah, judge then what joy to my heart this muſt be!
You are married?

The GENTLEMAN. No, truly; the worſe luck for me!

The PEASANT. Ah, ſir, you ſay right; for pray is there on earth
One greater between man's old age and his birth?
I pity you much, ſir, who, not very young,
Ne'er knew thoſe delights that in my heart have ſprung,
As in every good father's.

The GENTLEMAN. But how do you live?

The PEASANT. Do you aſk? Why, what anſwer to that ſhould I give?

But as follows: By eating. Oh, that we can do,
Very well. You ſhould ſee us at meal time fall to.
We have wonderous good ſtomachs.
The GENTLEMAN. Yes, that I ſuppoſe;
But ſuch ſtomachs as yours make, as every one knows,
A fine hole in the loaf, ſo I hope, my good friend,
You have ſome ſettled matter whereon to depend.
The PEASANT. Oh, yes, we have *that*, while our ſtrength we poſſeſs.
But than which we've no more. (May we never have leſs!)
We have, have,—I cant tell; for no doubt you may ſee
I've no *larning*; and ſcarcely can count beyond three.
However, I'm *ſcholard* enough to know how
I have liv'd, (by God's bleſſing, I mean, ſir,) till now.
For my life, howe'er toilſome, tis HE renders ſweet;
And at every year's cloſe, I can make both ends meet.
My children, my wife, ſelf, and father, all fed,
(For my father I keep, who cant now quit his bed.)
The GENTLEMAN. And the rent of your cottage?

The

The PEASANT. Well, have I not, pray,
My eggs, poultry, and pigs, very year that to pay?
My wife from the market, will now and then too
Bring me money; and ſure all together will do.
The whole week we ſubſiſt upon food, that indeed
You'd call coarſe, but tis wholeſome, and well too we feed.
And when Sunday comes round, we regale on a treat,
All together aſſembled, of boil'd or bak'd meat.
Thus through life I go on; and of age have no fear;
For God will at all times provide for me here.
The GENTLEMAN. But the taxes are heavy: pray how pay you thoſe?
The PEASANT. With the greateſt good will, ſir; for have we not foes?
If it were not for taxes, what means would there be
Of paying our ſailors, who guard us at ſea?
The GENTLEMAN. Yes, you judge very right; and twere wrong not to pay
Thoſe taxes, if all of them went as you ſay.
But to noblemen, ſuch as in courts overflow,
How much of thoſe taxes ſo burthenſome go!
And what good have thoſe noblemen ever done you?
They are pamper'd in ſloth, while you toile the year thro'.

The

The PEASANT. Your pardon, good ſir; do not ſome of them fight?
And expire in the field, while upholding our right?
And is not the judge, in his ſeat, made to bear
A weight than our own, no leſs galling of care?
He toils for our ſake; as for his ſake do we:
And there's no ſtate of life from anxiety free.

The GELTLEMAN. Good father, good huſband, good ſubject, good friend,
On your humble condition what pleaſures attend!
Farewel tomb of mud, faſhion, nonſenſe, and noiſe,
Where the bad man alone this world's comforts enjoys.
Farewel, frightful London, where all are thought worſe
Than the rich, who have plenty of gold in their purſe.
Where villains unbluſhful, of every degree,
Men, whoſe crimes human nature, unſhock'd, could not ſee,
Climb to riches, and ſtill the more deeply they dive
Into guilt, riſe the higher in honours and thrive;
Where money alone is the god, men adore;
Where religion's a curb on the poor, and no more;

And where looſe converſation when would-be wits ſpeak,
Spreads a deep glowing bluſh on fair modeſty's cheek;
While joys in the country, thoſe ſoft ſcenes around;
Where peace dwells with virtue, are every where found.
How bleſs'd ſhould I prove, if but here on this ſpot,
Were my dwelling: I may, and *will* here fix my lot.
For inveigled to fix, as I find, to my coſt,
On the ſhadow of things, while the ſubſtance I loſt.
In happineſs' ſearch, I've long toil'd thro' a road
That yet never led men to her tranquil abode.

THE

THE

UNNATURAL BROTHER PARDONED.

A Certain merchant had two ſons: the elder had a wicked heart, and hated to the laſt degree his brother, who was very good. There could not be a ſpecies of ill treatment that he did not make him undergo, and the reproofs remonſtrances and orders of his father could not make him change his cruel conduct. His concerns in buſineſs were immenſe, and brought him in a handſome income. Being now grown old, he made his will, and owing to ſome ſtrange infatuation, though he knew the ſavage diſpoſition of his elder ſon, and greatly loved the younger, yet he left this elder all his fortune; only recommending him upon his death bed to continue buſineſs, and aſſiſt his brother.

But the elder ſon no ſooner ſaw himſelf without control, than by his conduct he contrived to make his brother quit the houſe; expoſing him, without a penny in his purſe, to chance, and caring very little how he was to get a main-

a maintenance. Such want of common feeling in a brother filled the young man's heart with grief and indignation. If, ſaid he and wept, my brother treats me thus, what ought I to expect from ſtrangers? It was neceſſary he ſhould take to ſomething for a livelihood however; and on that account reſolved to quit the capital. He made his application to a merchant in a trading town, who, ſeeing he was not without a turn to buſineſs, gave him an appointment in his compting houſe; and after ſome few years, in approbation of his prudence, character, and virtue, gave him as a wife his only daughter; adding, on his death, which ſoon ſucceeded this deſirable event, a legacy of all he had. The ſon-in-law perceiving he was very wealthy, and not being one of thoſe inſatiates, who poſſeſs the rage of adding gain to gain, as long as they can graſp at any thing; but rather wiſhing to reſpire in peace, and taſte at leiſure the enjoyment of his fortune, bought a good eſtate in land, together with a dwelling houſe upon it in the country, whither he retired, and with his ſpouſe and children ſettled on it.

Providence is always careful to inflict due puniſhment on barbarous hearts. The elder brother, ſince his father's death, had carried buſineſs on, increaſed his enterpriſes, and found every thing ſucceed beyond his wiſhes. This was long the caſe, but then it was not to exiſt for ever; ſince at laſt there came a fatal year: his loſſes were accumulated. Many of his ſhips,

with

with valuable cargoes, happened to be wrecked at ſea: nor yet was this the worſt; for many merchants he had dealings with about this time proved bankrupts; and to heighten his calamity, his houſe one night was ſet on fire, his goods were burnt to aſhes, and himſelf thus made a beggar.

In this wretched ſituation, he had no reſource but that of wandering up and down the country, and imploring ſuccour from the well diſpoſed, whom the recital of his ſtory might affect. He eat the bread of public charity in tears and ſorrow, for his late unnatural conduct to a brother.

Where, alas! ſaid he, ſhould I be now, if all men were as uncompaſſionate as I have ſhown myſelf! If they but knew how cruelly I uſed a brother, they would ſpurn me from their doors with indignation. Brother! brother! would he frequently cry out, as he was walking in the fields, where are you now? No doubt you curſe me, and experience very likely at this moment the excruciating pangs of hunger. Ah! were you to ſee me now, you would be fully then avenged. Oh, would but Providence conduct your footſteps hither, I would tenderly embrace you; and this bit of bread a poor, but generous woman, has juſt ſent me by her child, we would in that caſe ſhare together. I ſhould then be comforted. Alas! if we ſhould meet, he would not recollect his brother in the tatters of that miſery he is brought to. He muſt not-

notwithſtanding hope, at ſome time or another, to meet with me, if he has not put away all thoughts of an avenging God

One day towards evening, having travelled many miles, and being almoſt wearied out for want of victuals, he perceived a gentleman at no great diſtance, and a houſe of which he ſeemed to be the maſter. He approached him, and detailed the account of his misfortunes, praying he would charitably give a famiſhed wretch ſome food to eat. Whence come you? ſaid the gentleman; and what has brought you to this miſery? On this, the other gave him the whole ſtory of his life, except the treatment he had ſhown his brother. In the effuſion of his ſad recital, he was tempted more than once to tell him every thing, and own he had deſerved his preſent ſufferings; but neceſſity and fear reſtrained him, as he dreaded by that means he might extinguiſh the compaſſion that would otherwiſe be very likely ſhown him. He revealed enough, however, to be recollected by a perſon who had known his family. The gentleman, without pretending to be influenced by any other motive than compaſſion, bid him come in doors, and ordered him a meal that inſtant, with a lodging for the night. He told his wife the adventure that had happened, adding what he meant to do. The poor man ſlept profoundly all night long, and waking in the morning, his firſt thought was this; that if his

hoſt had not been born to riches, he deſerved them. Some hours afterward the maſter ſent to have a little converſation with him. Being in his preſence, he looked ſtedfaſtly upon him, and inquired if he imagined they had ever known each other?—No, replied the beggar.—No? returned the gentleman in tears. I am your brother; and embraced him with the greateſt ardour poſſible. The elder, ſtruck at once with wonder and repentance, fell that moment, like a ſuppliant, at his feet, and crying out, My brother! earneſtly implored forgiveneſs. Tis a long time now, replied his brother, ſince I firſt forgave you. Think not therefore of the paſt; for you are rich, ſince I am. Let us live together, and love one another. Yes, replied the elder, with a voice broke ſhort by frequent ſobbings, I *will* love you, brother, as I ought: but to forgive myſelf,—that never will I do. I ſhall remember always with what cruelty I uſed you, and with what affection you have in return received me.

THE

N°. I.

THE

PATRIOT KING.

THE ſovereignty of the cailiffs was extended from the Indies to the kingdom ſtill called Spain. To bear the burthen of their iron ſceptre, they appointed emirs; but thoſe emirs ſoon were ſultans: frequently they entered, Bagdad walking by their maſter's ſide; and when they were arrived within the place, they—dethroned him.

Of theſe cailiffs, Maſſoud was the moſt renowned, and had his court at Iſpahan. He loved the arts and ſciences, and therefore cultivated peace. His predeceſſors, on the other hand, had all been warlike, and this circumſtance made Maſſoud's ſubjects fancy that no other than a warlike king was worthy to be called their monarch: upon which, they were excited to rebel againſt him.

Maſſoud was not from timidity averſe to war, but thought that univerſal empire would have

been too dearly purchaſed at the price of one good ſubject's death: but, ſince neceſſity required him to wage war, he took the field, and was in every place victorious. He returned to Iſpahan, ſuppoſing he ſhould now enjoy the fruits of his ſucceſs in peace; but was deceived. The rebels thought that neither his diſcretion nor his courage had ſubdued them, but his proſperous fortune; and there wanted not a chief to head them. Selim was that chief; but after two years' conteſt with his ſubjects, Maſſoud was victorious, and returned to Iſpahan in triumph.

But, alas! he was no longer the ſame man; for having ſhed much blood, he grew familiarized with ſanguinary ſcenes. Each day's tranſaction ſhewed him the neceſſity of either parting with his character for clemency, or with his crown. To this laſt ſacrifice, his ſubjects did not find him in the leaſt diſpoſed, and yet was he deſirous to purſue ſome middle path. He purpoſed therefore to bear rule, and govern like a tyrant for ſome time; then ſlide again into his firſt parental diſpoſition; but the effect of this conſtraint upon his nature was, that he grew hardened in that tyranny he had politically taken up.

Then was it his whole kingdom poured out every day their vows to have that peaceful king again they had endeavoured to dethrone ſo often; but, alas! their vows were without hope; for Maſſoud was not only young and vigorous,

vigorous, but his ſoldiers loved him. He was dreaded now throughout all Perſia, and this dread was what he wanted.

For a time, this tyranny continued; till, at length, the cailiff ſuddenly withdrew himſelf from public obſervation, and remained ſhut up in the receſſes of his palace, viſible to no one but the emir he had always truſted. One whole moon he paſſed away in this unprecedented ſolitude, and then quite unexpectedly appeared upon his throne. It was apparent, that a change had taken place in his ideas. His firſt actions ſhowed he was no longer now a tyrant; and his ſubſequent deportment proved he was that father of his country he had been before.

The change was too miraculous, that every converſation ſhould not turn upon it; and throughout all Perſia, reaſons were aſſigned for Maſſoud's transformation, which, as being different, could not all be right. An accident diſcovered every thing.

Among the ſages of the nation, was Abdallah. He was one day in cloſe converſation with an Iman, that is, prieſt, and ſeveral dervifes; and Maſſoud's change of conduct was the ſubject. Of the dervifes, one ſaid, that by continual prayer and faſting he had wrought on Mahomet to work this miracle: another ſaid, ſome beauty of his harem or ſeraglio had performed it; but the Iman, on the ſpot, durſt contradict them both; and boaſt it was himſelf who had

by his remonſtrances effected ſuch a revolution in the cailiff's heart. Abdallah being called on to give his opinion, anſwered: Weary with his chaſe, the lion ſometimes lays him down to reſt: but woe betide the traveller, who ſhall truſt him! He is only re-collecting his diminiſhed ſtrength, that he may once more ruſh abroad, intent on other carnage.

This was by the treacherous derviſes reported to their maſter; and in four-and-twenty hours, Abdallah was commanded to appear before him.

He obeyed. The cailiff took his place on the tribunal, and began as follows: Yeſterday I was the ſubject of your converſation; and I thank you for comparing me to nothing meaner than a lion: but ſincerely tell me, whether you conſidered then the lion as the monarch of the woods, or as the moſt ferocious of brute creatures?

ABDALLAH. Maſter of the faithful; I bow down my forehead to the duſt. If Ali pardoned even his aſſaſſins, I dare hope——

The CAILIFF *(ſmiling.)* You will behold me following the ſame great example?

ABDALLAH. Sovereign, you have bid me ſpeak ſincerely, and I certainly will do ſo. When, as lately I compared you to the lion, I muſt own I had reſpect to his ferocity, and therefore have deſerved to die, unleſs indeed you ſhould be graciouſly diſpoſed to ſpare me for your own advantage.

The CAILIFF. For my owu advantage?

AADALLAH.

ABDALLAH. Yes: you have the faireſt opportunity at preſent of confounding thoſe who would think differently of you from myſelf. Pardon, and they will be confounded; but ſeverity, and they will fancy I ſpoke truth.

The CAILIFF. Abdallah, I forgive you. But that ſuch a favour may not ſeem the effect of vanity, I will acquaint you with the reaſons, if you wiſh to hear it.

ABDALLAH. Such a gracious condeſcenſion——

The CAILIFF. Tis an anſwer I require, and not a compliment. However, as your acquieſcence is a thing of courſe, I will go on; ſo much the happier, as the ſingle man who might be diſcompoſed at the commencement of my tale is abſent. You all know the credit of my favourite emir, Abdul, with me. Jealouſy began to kindle in my heart, on his return from a, comparately ſpeaking, little war, when he was welcomed home by the reiterated acclamations of my people; ſo that I reſolved upon his death: but the eſteem which he was held in made me cautious in what manner I deſtroyed him, and ſuggeſted the neceſſity of doing it by ſtratagem.

Upon the border of the Tigris, in my palace gardens, many of you know there is a fearful precipice. I was reſolved to draw him thither, under the pretext of converſation on ſome weighty matter; and when little he expected ſuch an action, puſh him off. I had made

made every preparation, and imagined the laſt ſun was up that Abdul would behold. We were, by this time, at the fatal ſpot, when all at once, by chance, or rather by the immediate will of heaven, I felt my own foot giving way: the ground ſhook under me, and I perceived that portion of the rock I ſtood upon was parting from the reſt: if Abdul had not ſtretched his arm out, I ſhould certainly have been precipitated, with the broken rock, into the flood beneath.

I ſtood ſome moments motionleſs, and was quite overwhelmed with gratitude for Abdul's ſervice, and with ſhame for having plotted the deſtruction of the man who had preſerved my being. I withdrew into the inmoſt chamber of the palace, and poured out my ſoul in prayer before the Eternal. I continued many days in this dejected ſituation, not without reflecting on my weakneſs, notwithſtanding all the power I had to boaſt of. Elevated though I am (ſuch was my meditation) over other men, yet do I need their aid and friendſhip.

And the more I meditated on this thought, the more I felt its force. The night already was begun, and to divert my mind from thoſe ideas that were overwhelming me, I formed the reſolution to go out, diſguiſed, and walk through various parts of Iſpahan. I did ſo; and at laſt, with ſeveral others, got into a houſe of public entertainment. I called out for Sherbet; and while drinking it, attended to the

conver-

converſation of the ſeveral parties round me, but without appearing in the leaſt to liſten.

Of theſe parties one conſiſted of a grave old man, and ſeveral youths, whoſe converſation with each other ſeemed quite earneſt. I drew near them; and my curioſity was ſoon converted into wonder, when I found them talking of my late affair, and Abdul's ſervice done me. Judge if I experienced only wonder, after I have let you know the heads of a debate among them, which I never ſhall forget.

Till now, remarked the grave old man, all Perſia has been uſed to bleſs the generous deeds of Abdul: but I doubt, if for the future he will get one benediction, after ſuch an inſtance of his friendſhip as the cailiff has experienced.

Very likely, father, anſwered one of thoſe he ſpoke to: but be cautious in your obſervations, for whoſe ears are quicker than a tyrant's? and whoſe tongue more baneful than a courtier's?

Let the tyrant hear me, ſaid the grave old man, and any courtier give my obſervation ſuch a ſenſe as he thinks proper; for what ſignifies it, whether tyranny ſhuts up my eyes tomorrow, or old age a little later. I am threeſcore and nineteen at preſent, and my father has been dead much more than half that time. He left nine bottles of an exquiſitely-taſted wine behind him in his cellar; which, believe me,

me, is the only liquor I durſt ever drink againſt the law of Mahomet; and that too never but at times when I was made particularly happy. Neither yet have I conſumed the whole.

I drank the firſt two bottles when your eldeſt brother came into the world; two more when Maſſoud's father reſcued Perſia from the invaſion of a tyrant; and two others when our preſent tyrant came to the poſſeſſion of his throne. But, truſt me, I would gladly drink with you the three remaining, were he dead; or if I could but hear he had reformed his conduct.

They laughed out at ſuch a declaration; but, for my part, I was far from joining in their mirth. Ten days before, theſe words would certainly have coſt the ſpeaker dear; but now they made a deep impreſſion on my heart. I ſlunk away for fear of being known; and while returning to my palace, could not keep from ruminating ſeriouſly on the adventure. Tis my death then, ſaid I to myſelf, that would rejoice him, more than any happineſs he has already known. He drank two bottles and no more upon the birth of his firſt ſon, and now would make away with three for joy of my deceaſe!

His three laſt bottles!

Such were my ejaculations; and it was not till ſome time I recollected he had ſaid, if I were dead, or if he could but hear I had reformed my conduct. From that moment therefore I conceived within my heart the reſolution

of

of becoming as he wiſhed, another Maſſoud. Hence my ſequeſtration for ſo many days from public view; and hence that change which has aſtoniſhed all my ſubjects. Judge if the old man will now bring out, and drink his three laſt bottles.

They are drunk already, eagerly exclaimed a youth, while he was ruſhing through the croud of courtiers to the throne. Commander of the faithful under Mahomet, *they are already drunk*.

The CAILIFF. And who are you that bring theſe tidings?

The YOUTH. Sovereign, I am one of that old man's five children you were ſpeaking of this moment. I was with him at the converſation which has ſo impreſſed your royal boſom. Yeſterday, when we were all about him, he ſpoke to us thus:

Dear children! I feel age ſit heavy on me. Every morning I awake much more fatigued than when I went to reſt; and every evening go to reſt much more fatigued than when I woke. Before I die, however, let me have one ſolace I ſuppoſed I never ſhould enjoy. You know what I deſigned to do, on Maſſoud's death, or if I could but hear he had reformed his conduct. What then if I now bring out thoſe three remaining bottles?

The CAILIFF. Riſe, young man, and bring your father hither; and you likewiſe for the time to come, be always near me.

At

At theſe words, the youth withdrawing from the preſence, Maſſoud, for a while, diſmiſſed the aſſembly.

N°. II.

AN

ENEMY FORGIVEN.

KHALED, a tributary ſovereign, was the Cailiff Maſſoud's greateſt enemy. Some little time before he had conceived the horrible deſign of throwing Abdul from the rock into the Tygris, he was told that multitudes of his revolted ſubjects were received with open arms by Khaled; and that Babuck, one of his moſt favoured emirs, was gone over to him.

Maſſoud therefore ſent to threaten Khaled with his indignation, if he did not ſend back the perfidious Babuck bound in chains. Obey, wrote Maſſoud in his letter, or myſelf will come, that I may ſeize him, and chaſtiſe as he deſerves the petty prince who gives him an aſylum. To which meſſage this and nothing more was Khaled's anſwer.

Tell your maſter I wait for him; and in caſe he ſhould delay, will come myſelf and rouſe him.

Maſſoud, at this anſwer, raged with indignation, put his numerous troops in march, and in the place of greateſt concourſe in the midſt of Iſpahan, gave orders that a gallows ſhould be inſtantly erected, with the following inſcription on it, in large iron letters:

FOR THE WRETCHED BABUCK, AND MORE WRETCHED KHALED.

In a very little time the armies were juſt meeting, when the unexpected change of Maſſoud we have ſpoken of took place. The gallows that a tempeſt had thrown down one night, was not replaced; and orders were ſent off to Atabeck, the general who commanded for him, to fight Khaled, but not injure his unarmed and unoffending ſubjects.

News arrived ſoon after; but by no means ſuch as Maſſoud wiſhed for. Khaled had obtained the conqueſt, and was marching forward to lay waſte all Perſia. It was now the cailiff ſaw how much more advantageous to their intereſt princes ſhould account it, to be looked on as the father of a country, than its tyrant. One year ſooner, and the cailiff's ſubjects would have welcomed Khaled, but ſince Maſſoud was reformed, they flocked from every quarter to his ſtandard. Maſſoud took the field himſelf,

Khaled fought many battles, but, in every one, was conquered; till, at laſt, when driven quite out of Perſia, in a final combat he was once more overthrown; and by a favourite's means put into Maſſoud's power, who for reward ſtruck off the favourite's head.

As every thing was ſoon reduced into its former order, after Khaled was thus vanquiſhed, Maſſoud thought of his return. His enemy was in the march, ſecurely chained and guarded. Every one imagined he would ſoon be put to death with ignominy.

Maſſoud had given orders, that as ſoon as they were come in ſight of Iſpahan, he ſhould be told. This happened quickly after, when the cailiff bade the army halt, and having called together his commanders, ordered Khaled to be brought before him.

Khaled, ſaid the cailiff, I need hardly tell you in whoſe hands your being is at preſent.

Khaled, who imagined all ſubmiſſion would be uſeleſs, might conſiſtently have been courageous from deſpair; but he was naturally brave, and his reverſe of fortune had not in the leaſt ſubdued him: ſo that his reply was: You may do what you think proper with that *being*. I ſolicit nothing.

The CAILIFF. Any other conqueror however——But, on ſecond thoughts, there is a queſtion of importance I would fain put to you, which will very much affect your future fortune. Do you ſee yon battlements? They are the

the towers of Iſpahan. Had you triumphantly approached them, and had I been made your priſoner, what would you do then? or what would you have done already?

KHALED. You ſhould never have beheld them; or with my own hands, I would have ſtuck your head upon a ſpear, and fixed it there, for the whole multitude to gaze at.

The CAILIFF. Such an anſwer I expected. *(To the officers about him.)* Tell me therefore, warriors, in what manner ſhould I enter Iſpahan, and how diſpoſe of Khaled?

The WARRIORS. In what manner, ſovereign, ſhould you enter, than in triumph? And what other treatment ſhould betide the rebel Khaled than what he himſelf would have ſhown you?

The CAILIFF. But this unanimous advice, however, does not ſeem the beſt you could have offered me. You will acknowledge that the triumph ought not to take place till ſuch time as the conqueſt is complete, and mine methinks is not at preſent ſo. And you too, Khaled, are deceived, if you ſuppoſe your project, ſo explicitly avowed, ſhould be the rule of my proceeding. All men have a way of thinking proper to themſelves; and every one conceives his own the beſt. You would have only let my head get entrance into Iſpahan; but I will carry you free thither. So take off his chains; for Khaled ſhall go with me ſide by ſide, tomorrow, when I enter Iſpahan.

KHALED. What do I hear? Oh, Maſſoud! you muſt either be an angel ſent from heaven, or on the other hand, if you diſſemble to increaſe my griefs, the blackeſt of all demons.

Maſſoud gave the ſignal, and their march began. His entry was not pompous, but majeſtic. Every one in Iſpahan was ſtruck with wonder, ſeeing Khaled in the march ſo near the cailiff. From each quarter of the empire came intelligence that peace was univerſally eſtabliſhed, and ambaſſadors, as well from Khaled's government, as from the ſeveral other provinces arrived, to ſwear an everlaſting fealty; and, as is uſual, each ambaſſador declared, that thoſe he repreſented could not but rejoice at having now ſo good a ſovereign.

Maſſoud gave them hearing in full council, Khaled being preſent, not through choice, but by command of Maſſoud. Five ambaſſadors, deputed by the people of his government, were introduced together, when he ſaid: Judge, Maſſoud, whether you can truſt them. Three are debtors to me for their fortune. It is true I always thought them worthleſs; but imagined they would not approve themſelves ungrateful. The whole five, however, were not equal undeſervers.

For the other two ſuggeſted the propriety of ſtill continuing Khaled in his government, ſince Maſſoud had abſolved him; adding therewithal, their reaſons.

True, replied the cailiff, you are diſtant from my

my capital, and therefore not to be reſtrained ſo eaſily within the limits of obedience: therefore ſhould a governor be choſen, who is well acquainted with the people, and (if ſuch is to be found,) a governor made prudent by misfortunes.

All his courtiers complimented him on the occaſion, and aſſerted, that the prophet could not have expreſſed himſelf with greater wiſdom; when the cailiff, on a ſudden, turning, and addreſſing Khaled, ſpoke as follows:

Khaled, you are well acquainted with the people, and poſſeſs a magnanimity that cannot be too much admired, ſince at your firſt appearance in my preſence you deſpiſed diſſimulation. I would willingly deliver you henceforward from the pain of hating, if you wiſhed for reconciliation.—Speak: What ſay you?

Khaled, in aſtoniſhment, reſembled one awaking on a ſudden from the deepeſt ſleep; and ſenſible that he is ſpoke to, but not underſtanding what is ſaid.

Come, Khaled, wake, went on the cailiff. Wake to friendſhip and proſperity. Thoſe provinces you thought you had for ever forfeited, I will reſtore you.

KHALED. Oh, great Maſſoud!

The CAILIFF. At my court, you ſhall again be treated like a ſovereign prince; and it depends upon yourſelf, this inſtant, to ſet out, or tarry here in Iſpahan with me ſtill longer.

KHALED. In the name of the Eternal, Maſſoud, let your obſervation be diverted from my tears; for when my only ſon was ſlain in battle, I had not even one to give him.

Maſſoud, having heard enough, ſtretched out his hand to Khaled, roſe, and both withdrew together.

Men are apt to judge of others by themſelves. In ſpite of Maſſoud's generoſity, remarked his courtiers, Khaled will be always plotting vengeance. Neither was it the unworthy only that gave way to ſuch ſuſpicion, but the good, who were afraid their ſovereign might become the victim of his openheartedneſs. The emir Abdul, that already we have ſpoken of, and who was now much dearer to his ſovereign than before the time when Maſſoud plotted to deſtroy him, ſought by argument to overturn ſo hazardous a purpoſe.

If, ſaid he, you are too great of ſoul that any thing like common men's ſuſpicions ſhould find harbour in it, have at leaſt the generoſity to think upon the ſafety of that people, who look up to you for all their happineſs.

I thank you, Abdul, ſaid the cailiff, for this intereſt in my ſafety. You will ſoon diſcover I have meditated on ſuch means, as will inevitably end all your uneaſy thoughts; for in a very little time, and publickly, I promiſe you, will your ſuſpicions be confirmed or obviated.

Publickly? I make no doubt of that, dread ſovereign, anſwered Abdul; but provided they ſhould

ſhould be confirmed, will there be time then to adminiſter a remedy?

Rely, ſaid Maſſoud, on my prudence; and in five days after, gave a ſumptuous banquet. At the cloſe, when no one thought of what was to take place, the newly-reinſtated Khaled roſe, demanding ſilence of the gueſts at table, and began as follows;

Sovereign of the faithful, may I be permitted to conclude this happy banquet with an action that can never have too many witneſſes?

The CAILIFF. What a queſtion! Are you not, at preſent, under a friend's roof?

KHALED. I hated you. My firſt revolt and my reply, when fortune had reduced me to the ſituation of a captive, prove it. But that any one ſhould be ſo vile as to ſuſpect I hate you ſtill, endowed as I am now with your munificence, is what I cannot eaſily prevail upon myſelf to think.

The CAILIFF. And why imagine any one ſhould entertain ſuch an abominable notion of you?

KHALED. I wiſh to think, as you do, ſovereign, no one can be ſo ſuſpicious. See however here, *(producing a written paper,)* an inſtance of the blackeſt turpitude. Laſt night, as I was getting on my horſe, this letter was delivered to me by a man, who diſappeared before I could turn round, and aſk from whom he had it. Read, commander of the faithful, what a treaſon it adviſes.

The

The CAILIFF. If tis written in ſuch terms that any one may know it, which I cannot but imagine, ſince you ſpeak thus publickly, in that caſe read it for me.

KHALED. I! A ſecond time read over ſuch a horrid project! the aſſaſſination of your highneſs! and the Perſian ſcepter by that action added to the throne you have replaced me in already! Read it rather you. *(To the gueſts.)* You may perhaps diſcover the hand writing of the wretch, who would deſtroy your ſovereign, notwithſtanding his beneficence.

The cailiff roſe, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, ſaid: Bleſſed be thy name for ever, Alla! let my people celebrate thy glory; for my prayer is granted! Iman, let the moſques be thrown wide open, and let all my ſubjects offer up their thanks to God, as for the faireſt victory their ſovereign ever yet obtained.

An IMAN. The faireſt victory, commander of the faithful!

The CAILIFF. Yes, or rather more. It was myſelf who tried your virtue with that letter, Khaled. The ſucceſs thereof has proved that my worſt enemy is now become my warmeſt friend.

KHALED. Oh, Maſſoud! real heroe of the age! a thouſand princes have defeated much more formidable armies, but perhaps, at no time, gained ſo great a conqueſt over their own hearts!

N°. III.

A

SUBJECT SAVED.

MASSOUD, mentioned in the two preceding pieces, had ſelected Haſſan from among the number of his courtiers, to diſtinguiſh him with every princely mark of favour, which he merited. He was indebted to the liberality of nature only for an education, which would certainly have made him happy, had it been his lot, which can be no one's in the world, to live with upright people only. But his inconſiderate openheartedneſs went very often near to ruin him, in his concerns with hypocrites. Incapable of hating, he forgot the injuries with which too many treated him, and recollected nothing but their benefits.

Unable, notwithſtanding, as he was, with all his goodneſs, to eſteem them, he had left ſociety, that he might not be ſhocked with daily tokens of ingratitude, and get the habit of deſpiſing

ſpiſing human beings, by embittering his complacent diſpoſition.

There was ſtill another reaſon that induced him to this ſequeſtration; namely, his diminiſhed finances, that had been waſted much in his deſires to be of benefit to others, and could now ſcarce bear the expence of living in a crouded city, where the neceſſary things of life are always dear.

Curſed is he who no ingratitude has ever known.

This was the exclamation Haſſan, in his bitterneſs of heart, had left recorded on the door poſt of his houſe, when he withdrew to his retreat. The cailiff, Maſſoud, having heard one day this adage cited, wiſhed to know who was the author of it. Haſſan was imagined dead; and therefore, thoſe about the cailiff made no ſcruple to inform him; and thoſe very people who had formerly repaid his goodneſs with ingratitude, were generous enough at preſent to launch forth into exceſſive commendations on him. This is not aſtoniſhing. In arts and ſciences, we know how ready men are to applaud thoſe talents in the dead, which when the artiſt lived would not obtain him a ſubſiſtence: and tis ſo in morals. Great are the poſthumous praiſes of a man, whoſe living virtue met with nothing but fierce perſecution.

Judge then what was the ſurpriſe of every one, when Haſſan having learned that Maſſoud had thus intereſted himſelf in the unhappy author of that adage he had left behind him, quitted

quitted his retreat, and ſhowed himſelf again in Iſpahan.

He did not find the cailiff difficult of acceſs: he was heard that inſtant; and the cailiff's generoſity made full amends for all the paſt neglect of thoſe that knew him. Haſſan was inſtated in an office worthy of his wiſh to benefit humanity. The court affected nothing like an alteration in his heart. One circumſtance, however, not adverted to already, muſt be mentioned now; videlicet, that Haſſan would have been without a fault, if in the world there had been none but men. Thank God, however, there are women, aye, and lovely women likewiſe: therefore was young Haſſan, through reſpect for them, on ſome occaſions, ſtrongly tempted to forget awhile his duty.

Maſſoud knew this fault was really in Haſſan; for the courtiers round about him had been far too careful that by any means it ſhould remain concealed; but did not, upon that account, the leſs eſteem him. On the other hand, he pitied, as a parent would, his effervescence. True it is, ſaid Maſſoud, that a love for women, carried beyond bounds, is much to be condemned. I would beſtow three cities upon any one that could ſucceed in curing this combuſtibility of heart in Haſſan; but what comforts me is this: that ſuch a fault, which in the interim it is not my intention to excuſe, will weaken as old age ſteals on him; while ambition, cruelty, and avarice, if ſuch vices were within him, would,

upon

upon the other hand, from day to day grow ſtronger.

Maſſoud's courtiers thought this obſervation very beautiful and novel likewiſe,—in his preſence; but no ſooner was his back turned, than they ridiculed it with one voice, as mean and threadbare too. Poor courtiers! how much pains do you not take to ſhow yourſelves contemptible!

The cailiff gave his favourite a commiſſion to the fartheſt part of Perſia, and aſſigned the hour when he ſhould look for his return. The favourite inſtantly ſet out, diſcharged his truſt with punctuality, and came back one day ſooner than the ſtipulated time. He was applauded for his diligence, and told, that every ſingle hour of thoſe by which he had anticipated the expected time of his return, was gainful to all Perſia.

Haſſan was delighted with this honour done him in the preſence of above a dozen courtiers, who all paid him their congratulations, while they hated him more cordially, for Maſſoud's predilection.

On the morrow, one deputed by that dozen, with profound reſpect approached the cailiff's preſence, and began as follows:

Light and Sovereign of the faithful, I confeſs I know not what commiſſion Haſſan was entruſted with; I judge, however, it muſt certainly have been of moment. Pardon then my zeal, if, notwithſtanding the eſteem in which I

hold him, I am forced to tell your highneſs, he durſt waſte away five days in the embrace of love and pleaſure, on his journey.

The CAILIFF. Is this true? How will you prove it?

The COURTIER. But too eaſily, dread ſovereign. By his ſlave, who will aſſure you, that at Gauri, near a hundred miles from Iſpahan, he loitered to enjoy his pleaſures.

The CAILIFF. To enjoy his pleaſures!

The COURTIER. Yes: the daughter of a Caravanſeriſt at Gauri had ſufficient influence to detain him there five days: and let your highneſs take my head off, if this accuſation be a calumny.

The CAILIFF. I thank your zeal, your real zeal, that would promote my glory; and will ſearch into the truth of what you tell me. Neither will I overlook the greatneſs of your ſoul, that forces you to ruin one you cannot but eſteem.

The courtier went away, not edified, however, much at this laſt promiſe, which he did not find it difficult to comprehend; and hardly had an hour elapſed, when Maſſoud ſent for Haſſan. Half the courtiers whiſpered one another in the ear upon the occaſion of his being ſent for, and omitted not ſo fair an opportunity of ſerving a young man, whoſe merit had beforehand, for a long time——wounded their ſelf love.

By this time, Haſſan being come into the preſence, I will not, began the cailiff, trap you with inſidious queſtions. I would be your judge, not enemy. Speak then without diſguiſe; for you are grievouſly accuſed. You know the time I ſtipulated for the buſineſs of your embaſſy was precious; yet, as I am told, you ſpent five days upon the road in pleaſure, without bluſhing at the praiſes you received for that one day, which I ſuppoſed your zeal had gained me. Is the accuſation true?

HASSAN. If I could add a falſehood to a fault, I would ſay no, dread ſovereign: but the charge is true; and I did really paſs five whole days away in idleneſs at Gauri.

The CAILIFF. And why ſo?

HASSAN. I was intoxicated.

The CAILIFF. How, intoxicated!

HASSAN. Yes; commander of the faithful, with a paſſion that deſtroyed my other faculties. I know I have deſerved to die; and yet, it is not death that makes me tremble, but the conſciouſneſs of being now deprived for ever of my ſovereign's love. I had diſpatched the buſineſs of my embaſſy, and was arrived on my return at Gauri. Wanting horſes, and my ſlave too being harraſſed with the journey, I reſolved to ſtay one night, which was the firſt I had indulged in after three whole days' hard travelling. With a little ſherbett I refreſhed myſelf, and being ſeated nigh a window, ſuddenly I heard a voice in the adjoining chamber ſtrike up

ſo

ſo melodiouſly, that nothing ever equalled it. I liſtened with a fixed attention. I could hear the words: they were the wailings of a diſappointed lover; and methought, there never yet were written verſes more pathetical. When ſhe had done, I ordered up my hoſt, that I might aſk him who the ſinger was.

My daughter, he replied.

Your daughter? anſwered I. Have you a daughter then, whoſe voice is ſo melodious?

Heaven be praiſed, my lord, ſaid he: her voice is not her only merit. She compoſed the verſes you have heard, and is—what I, her father, ſhould not be ſo ready to ſay of her, but what, notwithſtanding that, is true—the faireſt damſel in the country.

This excited my deſire to ſee her, and I begged the Caravanſeriſt would gratify me. He objected for a while, but I inſiſted; and, at laſt, his great reſpect for the ambaſſador of Maſſoud made him yield to my intreaties. She appeared, and I grew inſtantly enamoured of her charms. A fever was already kindled in my veins; but when I heard her play upon her harp—Oh, inconceivable intoxication! Oh, almighty love! —My embaſſy, my duty as a ſubject, and the puniſhment to which my tarrying during ſuch a journey would expoſe me,—Every thing of that ſort was forgot.

I cheriſhed but one wiſh; the wiſh of being loved by Zada, and propoſed myſelf in marriage to her. She held out two days. Upon the

third, ſhe frankly owned, that ſhould ſhe ever love a man, it might perhaps be me. The fourth day ſhe received my ſalutation, and returned me hers upon the fifth. When the evening of this day was come, ſhe happened to pronounce your name, when, at the ſound thereof, I ſtood convicted of my fault. She ſaw my great confuſion, aſked me what might be the reaſon, and when told, inſiſted on my ſetting out that very night —that night which I imagined would have proved the happieſt I had ever known.

I have deſerved to die then, having ſhamefully betrayed my country. Let me meet my fate, but do not make me ſuffer long.

The CAILIFF. Your puniſhment ſhall be the ſloweſt human ingenuity can poſſibly invent. Impriſonment, as long as you have life to groan beneath it.—Soldiers, take him hence, and let his treatment be henceforward the ſevereſt man can feel.

The courtiers followed Haſſan with their eyes, and were apparently afflicted for him; but their hearts rejoiced at his calamity.

By this time Haſſan was upon the point of diſappearing, when the cailiff, with a look directed towards him, ſtopped the ſoldiers.

Guards, ſaid he, I bade you let his treatment be ſevere; but did not mean to have it ſo. Let it be moderate, ſo that he may ſuffer longer.

Saying ſo, the cailiff roſe, and left the hall of audience. In an hour or ſo ſucceeding this, it was reported that the cailiff had diſpatched a meſſenger;

meſſenger; but no one could tell whither, or the object of his journey.

The five following days were hardly gone, when Haſſan was quite out of every one's remembrance. It was therefore matter of much wonder that the cailiff ſhould, before ſix days were gone, remember there was ever ſuch a man as Haſſan, and give orders for his being brought again before him.

Well, ſaid Maſſoud to the unhappy Haſſan, as he entered, what are your ideas of the life you lead at preſent?

HASSAN. My impriſonment is not ſo inſupportable as the idea of your change; and my compunctions puniſh me much more a great deal than your juſtice.

The CAILIFF. You are not then ſenſible of any hardſhip riſing from impriſonment?

HASSAN. Yes, ſovereign; for when any one has forfeited the pleaſures of ſociety, he feels the miſery of an ignominious ſolitude.

The CAILIFF. You would not be alone, then; therefore by no means to gratify your eyes, but charm your ear, I will provide you for this time to come with ſuch a perſon as ſhall every day ſpeak to you. I remember you love muſic?

Haſſan's heart was not ſo cruelly afflicted at the thought of being humbled in the preſence of ſo many courtiers; but at that of his beloved maſter, thus inſulting his misfortunes. Therefore to the cailiff's queſtion, when re-

peated, he made anſwer, what you aſk, you know already, ſovereign.

The CAILIFF. Yes, I had forgot.—A ſong on ſome voluptuous ſubject, and a harp in that fair damſel's hand you ſaw upon your journey, made you negligent of what you knew your duty. I reſolve then both to puniſh and remind you of the fault you have committed, by decreeing, that in future you ſhall liſten to ſuch ſongs as are deſcriptive of complaining lovers. Let then our chief eunuch bid the Egyptian take her harp, and play upon it.

Inſtantly a voice was heard, ſo ſweet, that Maſſoud's courtiers ſcarce durſt breathe, for fear of interrupting ſo much harmony. As ſoon as it began, the priſoner gave a cry, fell down, and with his forehead beat the ground.

The CAILIFF. What ails him?

HASSAN. Zada! Zada!

The CAILIFF. Yes, tis ſhe indeed, ſince you remember ſounds that have before ſo faſcinated you. Riſe then, and hear you ſentence. *(To the courtiers.)* You that are at preſent round my throne, that ſtand in need ſo often of indulgence, and would blame indulgence in your ſovereign, tell me which among you being, as was Haſſan, on the point of having all his vows accompliſhed, and already having waſted five whole days in the intoxication love occaſions, would not have preſumed to hazard a ſixth day? *(After a pauſe.)* No anſwer? Haſſan, ſince even envy thus keeps ſilence, you find

find favour with your king. Be free, and know there is a way to make atonement for your fault, and prove how far I may rely upon you.

Moderate your tranſports. You ſuppoſe yourſelf completely reinſtated in the paradiſe of Mahomet: and bleſs the prophet, who firſt placed it in the embrace of beings that reſemble Zada. Take her, therefore, and be happy for the time to come. She is *now* yours; for *I* had information of her beauty; and by what means do you think I calmed deſires, that at the bare deſcription of her perſon roſe within me?

Haſſan, at theſe words, turned pale, his countenance grew troubled, and his knees knocked under him.

Be not alarmed, ſaid Maſſoud, twas not by enjoyment. On the other hand, I ſtifled them. I have not even ſeen this matchleſs beauty. I refuſed to do ſo. No one can pretend to ſay how far a ſingle ſtep towards guilt may carry him. A prince may eaſily forgive. To pardon an offence is in reality, to eaſe his boſom of a burthen; but when once the prince and rival are united, then it coſts him ſomething to be generous. He that would make any virtue in the world leſs practicable, is not virtuous upon that account, but fooliſh.

HASSAN. Ah, what generous notions!

VERSES

VERSES TO THE EDITOR.

BY A FRIEND.

THE Friend of Youth, will ſurely find
A Friend, in all of human kind;
For he may plead this weighty truth,
That he who is the Friend of Youth,
A Friend will prove in every ſtage,
Chearing with hope the heart of age.

Sept. 29, 1787.

THE

MAGISTRATE.

A

DRAMA,

IN

THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Lord HASTY.

CAMDEN, *his lordſhip's ſteward, exerciſing a ſort of magiſterial authority on my lord's manor, at his court leet and court baron.*

Mrs. CAMDEN, *his wife.*

THERESA CAMDEN, *their child.*

HEATHFIELD, *a cottager living on Lord Haſty's manor.*

The SCENE throughout is in a room of Mr. Camden's houſe.

THE

MAGISTRATE.

ACT I.

CAMDEN *(ſitting at a table, having many papers on it.)*

ABLY written this! Tis almoſt proof. *(He compares two papers with each other.)* But this endeavours to elude the queſtion. I have found the truth out, and his lordſhip is not honeſt; though perhaps his anceſtors did really poſſeſs the ground poor Heathfield's cottage ſtood on, yet two hundred years' poſſeſſion ſpeaks in his behalf; nor can my lord make out his right to what he thus lays claim to: and beſides, it was his habitation, and he ſhould not have been thus turned out to ſtroll about the fields. But I can ſet all matters right, by judging in his favour. Have I, notwithſtanding, well conſidered every thing? Alas! I am

at

at laſt no better than a man; and while I boaſt of my intention to proceed with rigid juſtice, may I not occaſion an appeal?

Mrs. CAMDEN *(coming in.)* My dear, ſtill at it?

CAMDEN. Up already, deareſt life!

Mrs. CAMDEN. Already!—but you take no reſt. How long have you been ſitting here? pray tell me.

CAMDEN. It has not ſeemed long to me.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Alas! you hurt your conſtitution, and affect me greatly.

CAMDEN. But, my dear, there may be matters that require ſuch cloſe attention from me.

Mrs. CAMDEN. The attention of whole nights! Sure, though a magiſtrate, it is your duty to conſult your health, for the advantage of a wife and child.

CAMDEN. I have a child in every one among the unfortunate that cry to me for juſtice; and ſuch cry is in theſe papers. An employment of ſuch conſequence as mine, abſorbs my duty as a father. Let not this offend you, deareſt ſpouſe; but think of thoſe whoſe cauſe is to be tried this morning. Can you think they ſlept laſt night? *To-morrow*, you might poſſibly have heard the father ſay, *to-morrow ſuch a one is to decide my fortune; and my fortune is the exiſtence of my wife and little ones: but is he well prepared to make deciſions?* Think of that, dear ſpouſe, and be perſuaded that

ſome

ſome hours purloined from ſleep are richly paid for by the uſe to which they may be put.

Mrs. CAMDEN. But theſe poor ſuitors have no other than their own concerns to care for, and when once you have pronounced, will be delivered from their burthen: but new cauſes will ſucceed to your attention, and for ever take you from your wife and daughter. Deareſt huſband, I repeat, by this cloſe application, you muſt unavoidably abridge your days.

CAMDEN. It is not neceſſary I ſhould live till I am old; but tis incumbent on me to live uſefully. If I ſhould die in the performance of my duty, Providence will take care of you.

Mrs. CAMDEN *(almoſt weeping.)* You *will* die then.

CAMDEN. He that leads the idleſt life, is not at all times ſubject to the feweſt ailments. I, for my part, have been better ſince I entered firſt into this office, that requires ſuch application.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Oh, my worthy ſpouſe, I cannot but admire your perſeverance; though I pity——

CAMDEN. Pity! and why ſo?

Mrs. CAMDEN. Why needed you accept of this appointment, in itſelf ſo painful to go through with?

CAMDEN. I accepted it, becauſe I thought myſelf enabled to diſcharge it. I will ſay yet more, becauſe I thought the acceptance of it was my duty, that I might not loſe the oppor-

tunity of being uſeful to mankind. The property and privileges of the poor in country places are as often in bad hands, believe me, as their bodies; owing to the incapacity of magiſtrates and doctors, or their indolence. Attachment to my patron, and the preference I have always thought a country life deſerved, induced me firſt to ſettle here. And being ſettled, would it have been laudable in me to bury all that knowledge fifteen years conſumed in ſtudy have procured me? I can eaſily excuſe the effects of your anxiety on my account, becauſe you are a wife and a mother; but, for my part, I have an employ to fill, and muſt do every thing in that employ I ought to do.

Mrs. CAMDEN. At leaſt then, with theſe generous thoughts, you ſhould conſider it your intereſt to conſult that conſtitution nature gave you; ſo that you may live and many years enjoy the public eſtimation you have gained.

CAMDEN. One cannot die unwillingly, when every thing within is as it ſhould be. The repoſe, or diſcompoſure of our final hour, depends upon the uſe our healthful moments have been put to. If I die before my time, according to the courſe of nature, God will in his mercy recompence me, juſt as if I had completely finiſhed my career.

Mrs. CAMDEN. I reverence theſe exalted ſentiments too much, that I ſhould contradict them; and, perhaps, it would be wrong in me were

were I to damp a zeal that has been frequently ſo uſeful to your neighbours. All I recommend, is moderation, ſo that you may live the longer: I forgot the intention of my coming in, which was to let you know his lordſhip is returned already from his journey. Yeſterday at noon, his ſervant, that preceeded him not half an hour, arrived.

CAMDEN. And did my lord then come here yeſterday?

Mrs. CAMDEN. Yes, twice; but could not ſee you.

CAMDEN. He was quite impatient, I ſuppoſe?

Mrs. CAMDEN. Yes, very much ſo.

CAMDEN. And has Heathfield pray been ſent to?

Mrs. CAMDEN. Yes, and he will come betimes.

THERESA *(entering with a cup of chocolate.)* Good morrow, dear papa, good morrow. Take this chocolate, and let me kiſs you afterwards.

CAMDEN. Ah, ha, my little heart! and are you up ſo early likewiſe?

THERESA. Yes; or elſe I thought I ſhould not ſee you.—Is it good?

CAMDEN. Quite ſo. *(To Mrs. Camden.)* She looks very well this morning.

THERESA. I am always well and happy when I ſee you; but I fancy you will not come home till late? not very likely till the evening?

CAMDEN. Tell me, my dear, ſweet Thereſa,

what you did all yeſterday? how many charming flowers you finiſhed?

THERESA. Oh, I did not count them. Wait, however, till to-morrow, and—*(In a whiſper to her mother)* But I believe we muſt not tell him any thing about it?

CAMDEN. Well, then, till to-morrow *(To Mrs. Camden)* But, I hope the ſervant, when he went to Heathfield's, ſaw the right. There are two Heathfields. Tis the curate's nephew I would ſpeak with: he that has received ſo good an education.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Yes, his Lordſhip's neighbour.

CAMDEN. When he comes, then, let me know. *(Goes out.)*

THERESA. Mama, I want to ſpeak with you.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Well; what, my child?

THERESA. Would you believe it; but, as my papa ſays frequently, I have my troubles.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Troubles? you!

THERESA. Yes, yes; for my papa looks always ill. You ſee *that*, I believe, mama, as well as I.—What is the reaſon of it, pray?

Mrs. CAMDEN. The reaſon of it is, becauſe he does not ſpare for any pains that he may do his duty.

THERESA. What will thoſe look ill, then, that would do their duty?

Mrs. CAMDEN. My dear child, this ſickly look of your papa's is nothing but a falſe appearance;

pearance: he is very well within, which is the principal affair.

THERESA. And pray, am I, then, very well within?

Mrs. CAMDEN. I hope ſo; when you are not, come to me, my child, and I will cure you?

THERESA. You muſt not inform papa, that I am working for him. He ſuppoſes I am ſtill about that waiſtcoat; and I want to hear what he will ſay, when I preſent him with the ruffles, on his birth day.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Do you think you ſhall have finiſhed them before that time?

THERESA. Oh, yes, mama; or I will ſit up all night long.

Mrs. CAMDEN. But who is this? My lord? So early! Run, Thereſa, run and let your father know.

Lord HASTY *(coming in, and laying hold of Thereſa.)* He cannot now be out. I have him faſt this once. Good morrow, madam. And you little one, *(To Mrs. Camden)* But ſhe is always pretty, even when half dreſſed.

THERESA *(getting away, and going out.)* But you are here too early, and ſurpriſe us.

Mrs. CAMDEN *(with a ſerious look.)* When I bid you, go, Thereſa.

Lord HASTY. Dont be angry with her, madam. You muſt not expect ſuch little ones as ſhe is, to be very complaiſant.

Mrs. CAMDEN. To you, my lord, it may

not be ſo neceſſary; ſince you know, that at whatever hour you let us have the honour of your viſit, we are always happy to receive you.

Lord HASTY. Yes, I know it; and your huſband is the man, whoſe company and converſation I prefer to that of almoſt every one I know. And, then, the charming little girl! How glad I ſhould be to live always with you! I find daily, more and more, how much I am attached to you.

Mrs. CAMDEN. At all times, you have ſhown us ſo much goodneſs, that my huſband and myſelf are frequently in tears, when we reflect upon your generoſity.

Lord HASTY. In truth, that generoſity, as you are pleaſed to call it, gives me far more pleaſure than yourſelves experience from it: and I ſtay till your Thereſa comes of age, that I may fix her fortune ſo as to make more than one among her ſex that knows her, jealous.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Being as he was an orphan, from his earlieſt years, my ſpouſe may literally boaſt of having found in you, my lord, a tender father.

Lord HASTY. He had loſt his parents; and I thought it was incumbent on my love to be their repreſentative. I am his godfather, and have fulfilled the duty I was ſworn to——

Mrs. CAMDEN. Here, my lord, he comes. I leave you.

CAMDEN *(Coming in, as Mrs. C. goes out.)*

How

How rejoiced I am to ſee you, my revered and honourable benefactor!

Lord HASTY. Camden, I am glad to ſee you.

CAMDEN. You came yeſterday, no leſs than twice. I ſhould have been quite happy to receive your lordſhip.

Lord HASTY. Why, the truth, indeed, is, I deſired to ſee you, very much; as wiſhing to converſe with you about that trifling matter, which, till now, I have not minded; knowing in whoſe hands it was. *(With a ſmile)* You are my judge, at leaſt, and I am come your ſuitor.

CAMDEN. I am here, my lord, no more than one that highly values and reſpects you. From your hand, it was, I had my office, on your manor; and from you, I hold that magiſtratical authority I would diſcharge, and not with a diſhoneſt conſcience.

Lord HASTY. Tell me, in one word, you are my real friend.

CAMDEN. You have permitted me, long ſince, the honour of that title.

Lord HASTY. Let us come, then, to that trifling matter I adverted to juſt now. I have it very much at heart. It is a matter of importance to me. Camden, do you know you made my lawyer tremble: he informed me, by expreſs, you had ſet down the time for hearing, which will be this very morning. Is it true?

CAMDEN. It is, my lord.

Lord

Lord HASTY. So ſoon?

CAMDEN. Why put it off, when every thing is ready?

Lord HASTY. But I bring you other papers.

CAMDEN. I perſuade myſelf, they are not wanted.

Lord HASTY. Thoſe you have will do: well, then, inform me, Camden, what is your opinion of the matter?

CAMDEN. I will tell you, with the greateſt openneſs, my lord. I have peruſed the papers written on both ſides. Your lawyer is a man of underſtanding, and writes well; whereas, your adverſary, that plain, honeſt countryman, is very badly off in this particular. He has confided his affairs to an attorney, who, I take it, is the verieſt ignoramus in the country: notwithſtanding which, his client's property is inconteſtible; and being forced to ſpeak, I muſt avow there can be nothing fairer than his claims.

Lord HASTY. Take care of what you ſay. The ground in litigation is a heritage dependent on my lordſhip. His poſſeſſion of it, added to his father's, cannot give him any right. They have been nothing but uſurpers. Let him ſhow his papers.

CAMDEN. Will you call for papers from ſuch men as, generally ſpeaking, cannot read? A peaſant does not think he runs the riſque of loſing his ſmall ſpot of ground, becauſe his father

ther put him to the plow, inſtead of making him a lawyer. Theſe plain, ſimple people, judging by themſelves of others, do not think they need ſuch papers. One advantage he has over you; and that is his poſſeſſion. There are, likewiſe, to be found among the papers your attorney has produced, no doubt without firſt having read them, two that abſolutely prove the plaintiff has not in the leaſt incroached upon you. Theſe two papers are not to be ſilenc'd; and on them, I cannot but decide the matter in diſpute between you.

Lord HASTY *(embarraſſed.)* Have you read thoſe papers? Really?—Two papers!—that perplexes me, I muſt acknowledge.

CAMDEN. Why did not your lordſhip tell me this before? I might have ſaved you the vexation of defending ſuch a ſuit.

Lord HASTY. I had my reaſons.

CAMDEN. Be it ſo; but I am ſure, your lordſhip would not wiſh to have another's property. You have as little right to Heathfield's ground and cottage, as he has, for inſtance, to your park. As far as I have learned, he is a very honeſt man, a careful father, a good huſband, a——

Lord HASTY. Yes, yes, he is all that; but ſure ſo obſtinate a man was never known! He muſt, however, yield, or I ſhall force him.

CAMDEN. He has never been here once, at which I wonder. He is always harping on his right, and tells his neighbours he is ſure of caſting

caſting you. I ſent, however, late laſt night, to have him here this morning, as I wiſh to aſk him ſeveral queſtions.—His reply was, he would come betimes

Lord HASTY. Good, good: you will by that means, get him——

CAMDEN. I could wiſh this matter amicably ſettled: for, my lord, believe me, you will have the worſt at law.

Lord HASTY. The worſt?

CAMDEN. Tis fortunate, however, that it will not any ways affect you.

Lord HASTY. But indifferent as it is, tis of much greater conſequence to me than you can poſſibly imagine. Hear me. I have no deſire to hurt this Heathfield: if I had, your voice alone would be ſufficient to condemn me; but the whole is this: My ſeat, you know, has been embelliſhed greatly; but the piece of ground my adverſary has in his poſſeſſion, hinders me from finiſhing the work; as on that piece of ground I would erect a temple; and beſides, there is a ſpring of water on it, which I want. I begged him to part with it for whatever money he would pleaſe to name: but he refuſed my offer. What could I infer from his behaviour, but a wiſh to vex me. Hurt at the idea, I fell ill,—yes, abſolutely ill; when to conſole me, I was given to underſtand that thoſe I had commiſſioned to beſtir themſelves in the affair, had found amongſt my papers, one that proved, this Heathfield, or

his

his anceſtors had gained their little ſpot of ground, by an encroachment upon mine. On which, I was adviſed to enter on the premiſes by force, and pull his miſerable cot down; always meaning to indemnify him, on his peaceable ſurrender of the ground. 'Tis only to an amicable ſale I would compel him. You may eaſily believe me, when I ſay it never was my wiſh to hurt him.

CAMDEN. What a deal of pain you might have ſaved each other. But, my lord, pray let me aſk you, whether this improvement of your proſpect is worth all the anxiety you have endured yourſelf, and made poor Heathfield ſuffer likewiſe?

Lord HASTY. Not a word of that, pray, Camden. 'Tis a fooliſh whim I am poſſeſſed of: that, I am ſo free as to acknowledge; but unleſs I have it gratified, my houſe, and my exiſtence will become a burden to me. 'Tis the hobby-horſe of my old age, and every man has one, he wants to ride on. Recollect, yourſelf, the time when you were ſighing for the wife I got you, notwithſtanding every obſtacle to your alliance with her family. What would have been your ſituation, had I not ſucceeded in your favour?

CAMDEN. 'Tis a certainty, I ſhould not have ſurvived the diſappointment: therefore, I forget not that your lordſhip only, in that matter, was the author of my happineſs; for which

I owe

I owe you more, than had you even given me life.

Lord HASTY. We had agreed you ſhould not ſpeak of that.

CAMDEN. Yes, yes: this way it is you always ſilence me; but can I look upon you, any otherwiſe than as a father. I have found you every thing, ſince your adoption.

Lord HASTY. You have, then, an opportunity this day, of paying me. — You underſtand?

CAMDEN. I wait this Heathfield's coming, and could wiſh he would conſent to ſell. He muſt be brought to do ſo, upon any terms.

Lord HASTY. But if he will not be prevailed upon.

CAMDEN. You muſt expect to loſe your ſuit, in that caſe; I muſt tell your lordſhip ſo; but *(taking him by the hand)* let us take a walk together in the garden, till ſuch time as Heathfield comes, and talk the matter over. Meaſures may be ſtarted, ſuch as will conciliate, very poſſibly, your intereſts, before the hour of hearing is come on.

ACT

ACT II.

HEATHFIELD.

THIS, then, is the Steward's houſe. I never entered it before; for, God be thanked, I utterly abominate all lawſuits: but my cottage has been cruelly pulled down. Well, thoſe that had a hand therein, will build it up again at their expence. Yes, yes; they *ſhall* do ſo, if there is any juſtice upon earth. My wife has been ſo miſerable that—but who is this?

THERESA *(coming in, and curtſeying.)* Sir, are not you, pray, Mr. Heathfield?

HEATHFIELD. Yes, my pretty little lady.

THERESA. I will run and tell papa: he bade me do ſo, when you came. He is but in the garden. *(She goes out, making another curtſey.)*

HEATHFIELD. What a charming child! I never ſaw a lovelier! her politeneſs comes directly from the heart. So that a worthy man may be diſtinguiſhed by the curtſey of his daughter. There was ſomewhat in the little thing's civility, that is not to be met with in a proud man's houſe. And here he comes himſelf. *(To Camden entering, with his lordſhip)* It is not my deſign, in waiting on you, to entreat your juſtice: that would be an inſult to you; but the reaſon of my coming, is, becauſe

you wiſhed it. I am well aware you are both friends; but care not for that circumſtance; becauſe I know the law is in my favour, and the man that is to ſit upon the matter, juſt. Your lordſhip's humble ſervant.

CAMDEN. My good Heathfield, ſince you wiſh to have me for your judge, I am content; and wanted to converſe a little with you, previous to the trial.

HEATHFIELD. I have told the lawyer every thing, as well as I was able: he is conſtantly requiring papers of me, ſuch as titles, and the like; but in our family, we never took ſo much precaution as to keep thoſe matters by us, neither ſhould we know at preſent what they mean, but that his lordſhip is our enemy.

Lord HASTY *(leaning on his cane.)* You cannot but deteſt me very much?

HEATHFIELD. God keep your lordſhip from all harm; but, certainly we have no reaſon to reſpect you.

CAMDEN. Let me tell you, Heathfield, notwithſtanding, that his lordſhip is remarked and cheriſhed for his benefits, and that it will not be ſuppoſed by any one, he can prevail upon his generous heart to do you the leaſt harm.

HEATHFIELD. Harm, ſir! oh, tis much worſe than harm.—His Lordſhip wants to buy my ground and habitation, which I do not wiſh to ſell. What follows? In my abſence come a ſhoal of workmen and pull down my houſe, that houſe my children and myſelf were born

born in: and when I expoſtulate on ſuch behaviour, I am told to prove they are my property! to prove that what my father had, and cultivated, fourſcore years and more, belongs to me! Do not theſe hands bear witneſs to the truth of my pretenſions? they have hardened in the work of digging up that ground, which, now a robber would take from me.

CAMDEN. Be not agitated thus, good Heathfield?

HEATHFIELD. Be not agitated thus! — Ah, were you in my place.

CAMDEN. With moderation, you may come to underſtand each other. Let me know, then, what are your demands. My lord is really diſpoſed to treat you like a friend, if he can poſſibly approve them.

HEATHFIELD. My demands! Firſt, then, my cottage ſhall be built again, exactly as it was before his lordſhip went ſo far as to deſtroy it: and the waſte committed in my field and garden, ſecondly, made good. I have drawn out an inventory of the damage, to a ſingle farthing, I may ſay. Your juſtice-people laugh at my diſintereſtedneſs; but, ſtill, I am reſolved it never ſhall be ſaid, I made a penny of the man, who, being rich, oppreſſed me in my cottage.

Lord HASTY. What a character!

CAMDEN. You will not ſell, then?

HEATHFIELD. No.

CAMDEN. At any price whatever?

HEATHFIELD. No.

CAMDEN. But recollect, my lord will give you twice the value of your houſe and ground. What more would you expect?

HEATHFIELD. I do not want a ſingle ſhilling. I want nothing but my houſe and ground. I will not ſell them.

CAMDEN *(in a whiſper to my lord.)* For a moment I will leave you. Make him every offer you think proper. His reſentment will blow over. To agree, will be much better on your ſide, believe me, than to ſtand the trial. *(He goes out.)*

Lord HASTY. May we have a little converſation with each other. In an hour or ſo, the hearing will come on, till when, there are reſources of accommodation. Why ſhould you be ſo unmanageable? Have I not entreated you to ſide with my propoſals; and you, Heathfield, that at all times I have treated in a way ſo friendly, conſtantly rejected my propoſals with an inſolence, as I may ſay, that did not in the leaſt become you?

HEATHFIELD. With an inſolence, my lord! I am not inſolent, but know myſelf. I am at preſent, ſeventy years of age, and muſt have ſeen a great deal of the world: but you, my lord, have treated me with a degree of infamy unworthy, on the other hand, of you.

Lord HASTY. I have but put my claim in to a property your family has for this long time paſt uſurped.

HEATHFIELD.

HEATHFIELD. We have poſſeſſed this property two hundred years; and none of all our family have ever been uſurpers, as your lordſhip calls us.

Lord HASTY *(aſide.)* What a man! *(Aloud)* I do not mean intentional uſurpers. Truſt me, I think better of you than that comes to. With reſpect to my proceedings, in thus pulling down your cottage, I acknowledge I did wrong. I might have got poſſeſſion by a way leſs violent: but it is done, and cannot now be otherwiſe. Once more, then, let me beg you to annex a value to the object in diſpute: it ſhall be paid you, and in future we will be good friends.

HEATHFIELD. I have already told your lordſhip, you ſhall not prevail upon me to ſell any thing.

Lord HASTY. And is it for that reaſon only you will perſevere therein. Can you not ſee, that from the money I deſire to give you, great advantages will follow. It will be a bleſſing to your little ones. What father would not willingly be in your place?

HEATHFIELD. I would not be in any father's place, except my own.

Lord HASTY. But think, before you take your laſt reſolve. There are two reaſons that ſhould make you cloſe with what I offer: firſt, the difficulty of reſtoring to its former ſtate, what, in a fit of paſſion, I pulled down; and ſecondly, the certainty of your defeat at law.

HEATHFIELD. No, no, my lord, I ſhall not be defeated. We know well, indeed, who is your friend; but I had rather far be ruined, than ſuppoſe he could be guilty of ſo great a crime, as to declare againſt me in a cauſe, where, look you, were I judge, I would condemn, without the leaſt reluctance, my own father.

Lord HASTY *(aſide.)* How his words are pointed! *(Aloud)* But the proof?

HEATHFIELD. The proof my lord! Two hundred years' poſſeſſion, is my proof.

Lord HASTY. I am to underſtand, then, your reſove is poſitively not to ſell?

HEATHFIELD. Yes truly, is it. I ſhall always recollect the farewell words my father ſpoke, upon his death bed: *Robin, it is yours: I leave it you, as being eldeſt. Keep it always in your family, and never ſell ſo fair a patrimony. All your fathers have been bleſſed by the Almighty, in it; as you likewiſe will be. And as now I give it you,—upon your death-bed do you give it Humphry, who, no more than any of your little ones, will ever come to want.* This was my father's parting counſel. I muſt keep it. Could I fail of doing ſo, I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf. And ſo, my lord, your humble ſervant. Let whatever happen, I ſhall ſtand the trial. *(He goes out.)*

Lord HASTY. Was there ever ſo much obſtinacy! Well, then, ſince he will not ſell for money, he ſhall loſe it. Tis not he I will

be

be generous to: the law ſhall teach him better manners; and, for my part, I will have my right. Ah, Camden, would you think it.—

CAMDEN. *(coming in.)* He is juſt gone out, and when I went up towards him, ſhunned me. What agreement have you come to?

Lord HASTY. None.

CAMDEN. Would nothing work upon him?

Lord HASTY. Nothing.

CAMDEN. I am ſorry for it.

Lord HASTY. And I mad, till he is puniſhed for his inſolence: *that*, Camden, reſts with you.

CAMDEN. But if his cauſe is good?

Lord HASTY. I underſtand; you mean then to pronounce againſt me.

CAMDEN. I muſt do my duty,

Lord HASTY. You will give me leave to know what is your duty, in this caſe, as well as you.

CAMDEN. But when reſentment blinds your judgment?

Lord HASTY. No, no. no. Tis you are rather blinded. I would ſhun injuſtice. I would give him thrice the value of his houſe and ground.

CAMDEN. But if he will not ſell it, law can never force him. His poſſeſſion is a right as ſacred as the ſovereign has to boaſt of in his crown. Should I then countenance your purpoſed

poſed unſurpation, I ſhould aid you in the buſineſs of injuſtice.

Lord HASTY. In the buſineſs of injuſtice, Camden! Am I famous then for uſurpation and injuſtice?

CAMDEN. On the other hand, you have been probity itſelf; and therefore ſhould I now be inſtrumental to your project, I am ſure you would deſpiſe me for it, and with reaſon, ſome time hence when you had built your temple, and once ſatisfied your wiſhes. If my gratitude could teach me any other doctrine, I would ſtifle it within my heart.

Lord HASTY. Ungrateful Camden. You can eaſily do that. You never loved me, I ſee plainly; therefore, for the future, I withdraw the hand that has till now upheld your fortunes, and ſhall leave you to yourſelf: but not till I have made you maſter of a ſecret, which will ſhow how much it was your intereſt to be grateful to your benefactor. You believe your father died, while you were in the cradle; but he lives; and reaſons, no one but myſelf is privy to, have always wrought upon him to lie hid.

CAMDEN. Can it be poſſible? Have I a father? Ah, my lord! how you have moved me!

Lord HASTY. May I hope then——

CAMDEN. Let me go, my lord; for I hear nothing now. What matters my well being, or a father even, to me at this moment? I am now a magiſtrate, and muſt fulfil my duty. *(To Mrs. Camden*

Camden coming in.) Stay here with his lordſhip, deareſt wife; for I muſt ſhun him. *(Goes out.)*

Lord HASTY. Madam, till this morning I ſuppoſed my boſom was your huſband's only: but he ſhows me how ungrateful he can be.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Ungrateful! Ah, my lord, how you miſtake him!

Lord HASTY. I would recompenſe this Heathfield richly, who refuſes all my offers, and your huſband takes his part, as if he coveted the pleaſure of pronouncing in his favour. Well then, let him ſatisfy that pleaſure, and give ſentence, I, on my part, ſwear, I break off all connection with him. If then you regard your huſband, follow, and endeavour to divert his purpoſe, or I vow an everlaſting hatred fatal to you both.

Mrs. CAMDEN. What! would your lordſhip take away your friendſhip from the man you have till now ſo uniformly loved and cheriſhed? No, my lord, your favour hitherto has been ſo ample, that he cannot have done any thing to merit your reſentment.

Lord HASTY. I repeat it, madam; if you love your huſband, influence him in my favour, or in future—but already I have mentioned what I mean, and therefore leave you. *(Goes out.)*

Mrs. CAMDEN *(alone.)* What a ſtorm, alas, is coming on! My conſtancy gives way! His lordſhip is for ever in extremes! In enmity as well as friendſhip! I can ſee adverſity, alas, juſt ready

ready to fall on us! Yes, if he requires the leaſt injuſtice of my huſband, he will rather periſh than comply with ſuch ſolicitation. If, however, he could yield a little, and not hurt his conſcience. If,—but I am well acquainted with them both; and therefore ſee our ruin. *(To Camden entering in his mageſtratic dreſs.)* You are going to give ſentence then. Tis on ourſelves, alas.

CAMDEN. I ſee your tears. His lordſhip has been threatning?

Mrs. CAMDEN. Yes, that he withdraws his favour from you, if the ſentence goes againſt him.

CAMDEN. Be conſoled. I have begun, and muſt go through with courage. Should my lord proceed to put his threats in execution, tis much better our unhappineſs ſhould be occaſioned by a virtuous cauſe, than the reverſe.

Mrs. CAMDEN. If Heathfield could be brought by ſome means or another to except againſt you, as the magiſtrate that is to try his cauſe.

CAMDEN. He might have done ſo; but would have no other judge. And ſhall I, if the caſe be ſo, demur to do him juſtice? Ceaſe then to complain; for every ſituation has its pains as well as duties.

Mrs. CAMDEN. But how arduous are yours, dear Camden, to go through with!

CAMDEN. Arduous, do you ſay? The ſoldiers run to death, and the phyſician riſques his health

health in hoſpitals amid contagion. And ſhall I retreat from danger, when the oppreſſed expect deliverance from me? What am I in fear of loſing? All my fortune?—But ſure others have made greater ſacrifices, and not half ſo much complained.

Mrs. CAMDEN. I cannot but admire your fortitude; but I am nothing better than a woman, and cannot aſſume it. You yourſelf will likewiſe ſuffer.

CAMDEN. Think not of my ſufferings. I ſhall ceaſe to be unhappy, when I think you are not.

Mrs. CAMDEN. In that caſe, I will make every effort in my power, and you ſhall never hear me ſigh again.

CAMDEN. At preſent let your ſighs exhale. You will be very ſoon compoſed; for tis the privilege of virtue to be tranquil in diſtreſs.

Mrs. CAMDEN. I bluſh, dear huſband, that my apprehenſions for the future ſhould have had ſuch influence on me.

CAMDEN. Should we make ourſelves unhappier than we need be, through our weakneſs?

Mrs. CAMDEN. I renounce that weakneſs. You uphold my feeble reaſon, and reſtore ſerenity within me. Why do I not always meditate upon my happineſs, in having ſuch a huſband? Tis to you I ſhall be finally indebted, for the greateſt of all earthly bleſſings,—an interior ſtrength of mind, to bear adverſity.

CAM-

CAMDEN. Your own reflection would have diſſipated, of itſelf, theſe thoughts. I did but ſet before you powerful motives to that conſolation I muſt own you need; and had it not been for our child, you would not, in that caſe, have ſhed a ſingle tear.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Come, ſhe is juſt as we are, under the protection of God's providence. Here will I ſit while you are abſent, and with equability of mind reflect that you are paſſing ſentence on your friend. I had much rather put up chearfully with any ſorrow, than be conſcious you had kept yourſelf in office by the violation of your duty. But I ſee Thereſa coming: let us both be ſilent. We muſt hide our ſorrows from her knowledge. She is in the age of life exempted from them. Why am I not able to prolong that happy age of life for her enjoyment.

THERESA *(coming in.)* Are you going then, papa, before you kiſs me? Kiſs me now, then.

CAMDEN *(kiſſing her.)* There, my ſweet Thereſa.

THERESA. But come home betimes: mama will always go to dinner, when tis two o'clock; and ſome how or another, I dont like to dine without you. I am never hungry then; nor can I fancy any thing upon the table if we are not all three ſitting at it. But, pray, what's the matter with you, dear papa? You dont

ſeem

ſeem now ſo merry as you were no earlier than this morning. Are you angry with me, pray?

CAMDEN. No, no I love you dearly, *(in a lower voice to Mrs. Camden.)* God will not be wanting to us. Happy ſhall I be, if by adhering to my duty, I can gain a title to his favour. Let me therefore haſten whither he directs me.

ACT III.

Mrs. CAMDEN.

EVERY thing is on the point of being now decided.—I behold him in the chair, and he is paſſing ſentence on his wife and child. Inexorably juſt and cruel to himſelf, he is not to be warped by gratitude from the performance of his duty. My relations will be all affected by this day's tranſaction; for his lordſhip is relentleſs, when he thinks himſelf offended. What will be our lot, without ſupport, or even income. I am ſenſible the ſacrifice was needful; but tis cruel notwithſtanding. Oh, moſt virtuous, but unfortunate of men! Oh, my Thereſa! tis for you I weep. *(After a little ſilence.)* But be compoſed, my heart, and let me call to mind my ſpouſe's counſel, and conceal my lamentation.

THERESA *(coming in.)* Dear mama, I was in every corner of the garden looking for you. Why did you come in ſo ſoon?

Mrs. CAMDEN. For nothing in particular, my love.

THERESA. But what's the matter with papa? I followed him as far as to the door: he turned, looked at me, and then wiped away a tear, as if he did not wiſh to let me ſee him crying. And you too, mama, are very ſorrowful.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Dear child, you are miſtaken. We are neither of us ſorrowful; but your papa has many things to do, which make him ſerious and me too.

THERESA. The time ſeems very long, when he is not at home. What always abſent? I, for my part, am fatigued to death, and more to-day than ever.

Mrs. CAMDEN. One ſure means of making it ſeem ſhort is always having work of ſome kind or another in your hand. Yes, dear Thereſa, be induſtrious, and, if poſſible, loſe not a moment of the day. How goes your tambour on?

THERESA. Oh, very well, mama. See here, *(going to her work bag.)*

Mrs. CAMDEN. Yes, very well indeed, Thereſa. She is happy who has ſkill enough to work, and who at night can tell herſelf ſhe has done ſomething uſeful in the day. And then, Thereſa, if we wanted money, ſhould you not be glad to get us ſome.

THE-

THERESA. Ah, dear mama, if I could only help you in the houſe! But you muſt tell me how I ought to go to work; and you ſhall ſee then. Yes, yes; that you ſhall, mama.

Mrs. CAMDEN *(aſide.)* The dear, dear creature! How ſhe moves me! *(Aloud.)* Go, my child, if we ſhould fall into misfortunes, (and the richeſt may do ſo,) I will indeed, but it ſhall be, by my example, tell you in what manner you ſhould go to work. *(She riſes.)* I think I hear him?

THERESA. Is it he? I'll run and ſee; and bid the ſervant bring up dinner. *(Goes out.)*

Mrs. CAMDEN. Why am I thus ſeized, upon a ſudden? I would fain, but dare not, meet him. I am anxious to receive him, but yet fearful. *(To Camden coming in.)* You are then returned?

CAMDEN. I am ſo; and contented. I ſhall have the happineſs, when I reſign my office, of reflecting I have never done one act I need repent of.

Mrs. CAMDEN. And his lordſhip? what of him?

CAMDEN. His friendſhip is gone from me; but fear nothing: though I loſe the office he firſt gave me, we will go to Loudon, where my buſineſs ſhall be that of an attorney. We are rich, if, with a wiſh to get ſubſiſtence, we repoſe our confidence upon the giver of good things. From this idea, I receive all needful

comfort, but am not without my pains; for, in reality, my rupture with his lordſhip grieves me. I have wounded him I love; but this is not yet all. His intimation, touching my dear father, could not but occaſion me the greateſt trouble. Poſſibly, indeed, he only ſaid ſo to promote his purpoſes; for were my father living, he would certainly have ſhown himſelf e'er this.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Yes; ſo *I* think. What would have kept him from ſo doing?—but here comes my lord. How agitated he appears!

Lord HASTY *(coming in.)* Fear no reproach from me. You are ſo equitable, I ſhould even praiſe your judgment, while I burn upon the other hand with rage!

Mrs. CAMDEN. What he has done, my lord, he could not have omitted. He might lawfully have parted with his life for your advantage; but——

Lord HASTY. I ſee there is a combination formed againſt the rich. You are a party in this combination, though a magiſtrate, eſtabliſhed by me, on my own hereditary manor. Heathfield has to thank your vanity for his ſucceſs, and in return, in every alehouſe, he will have to talk of one, who was predeſtined to protect the plowman in his cottage, and repreſs the pride of thoſe who live in houſes: but ſuppoſe not after this, I mean to ſtay among you. No, I ſhall make haſte to throw off two ungrateful ones. Weep therefore, madam, you do well——

Mrs,

Mrs. CAMDEN. I do not weep, my lord. If I have had that weakneſs, I renounce it.

CAMDEN *(giving up his papers.)* Here, my lord, are papers I return as appertaining to you.

Lord HASTY. I take every thing; ſince, as I find, you have the audacity to offer it. Yes, every thing. You will have nought belonging to me.

CAMDEN. Can I keep the gifts of one who ceaſes to eſteem me? Does your lordſhip think I am ſo ſordid, as to prize your favours at a higher value than your friendſhip? Never; therefore with the papers I reſign my office.

Lord HASTY. And without it how are you to live?

CAMDEN. As well as I am able.

Lord HASTY. Your indifference is admirable: but at preſent, you *ſhall* keep your place, ſince with ſo much integrity you fill it! but for my part, I will fix myſelf a hundred miles, or upwards, diſtant.

CAMDEN. Let that matter be as you yourſelf, my lord, think proper; but permit me only to remark, that in returning, as I have done, all your favours, I take pleaſure in the thought that I eſteemed the man, and not the benefactor, in your lordſhip.

Lord HASTY. Had it really been ſo—

THERESA *(entering, and behind her Heathfield, with his children.)* Follow, follow. Ah, papa! the father and ſix children. They all cry for joy; and ſo do I too.

HEATHFIELD *(to Camden.)* Sir, we come not to return you thanks; for when was juſtice praiſed for having done her duty. But, with leave, we wiſh that all our family ſhould ſee you. Richard, Philip, Charlotte, Chriſtopher, Eliza, and Hortenſia, look at this good man, and if hereafter any one ſhould wiſh to injure you, dont fear him.

THERESA. Look, papa, at theſe two little things, *(ſhowing the leaſt.)* What chubby cheeks they have! Mama, what have you got to give them?

Mrs. CAMDEN. In the parlour, you will find ſome cakes: take them in there.

THERESA. Yes, yes; in the beaufet. I ſaw them. Come, come, follow me; and I will ſhare the cakes among you. *(Thereſa takes the children out, and Mrs. Camden winks that Heathfield may remain.)*

HEATHFIELD. Charming little angels! but the father's generoſity is in the child. Ah, madam, what a happineſs that you have ſuch a child, and ſuch a huſband! What a happineſs that I had ſuch a Judge.

Mrs. CAMDEN. What other would not have befriended you as much, ſince he has done no more than was his duty.

Lord HASTY *(coming forward from behind.)* Hear me, Heathfield. You have got your cauſe, nor am I ſorry for it, this you may believe, ſince, as your judge can ſay, it never was my wiſh to hurt you. As a proof of this, I will not carry you

you from court to court, as certainly I might, but chearfully abide the ſentence. Still, however, am I no leſs anxious to obtain your ground. It is the object of my heart. Will you in change accept my farm at Pinfold? I will give it and eight hundred pounds into the bargain.

HEATHFIELD. Ah, my lord, give me not ſuch an inſtance of your generoſity; ſince, after all, I cannot quit the cottage I was born in.

Lord HASTY. Surely there muſt be a treaſure near it.

HEATHFIELD. Yes, my lord, there is; I mean the good example ſet by all our neighbours. To that circumſtance, the children you have ſeen will owe their future probity. Our neighbours are our friends, and give them good advice. No ſpendthrifts, Sabbath-breakers, ſwearers, or the like, with us! and none of thoſe affairs between our women, which ſo frequently take place in other hamlets, and which are not to be named.

Lord HASTY *(aſide.)* He moves me with that way he has of talking. What a man!

HEATHFIELD *(to Camden.)* Yes, tis to you, ſir, they will owe the preſervation of their virtue. At this thought, I am not maſter of myſelf; and as their benefactor, I revere you. Happy ſure the man that has to boaſt he is your father.

Lord HASTY *(aſide.)* Ah, his father!

(Aloud.)

(Aloud.) Heathfield! Heathfield! what was that you ſaid juſt now?

HEATHFIELD. That he is happy, who can boaſt of having ſuch a ſon.

Lord HASTY. Aſtoniſhing old man! How you affect my ſoul! I am ſubdued. One would imagine you knew all things paſt. Yes, Heathfield, you are ſuch a happy father. I may be one, likewiſe; and I will be ſo.

Mrs. CAMDEN *(to her huſband.)* What means his lordſhip?

Lord HASTY. Virtue triumphs; *(to Camden)* and your father ſhows himſelf at laſt, dear Camden. Yes, approach; and let him fold you in his arms.

CAMDEN. You! you, my lord! are you my father?

Mrs. CAMDEN. What, then, do I hear? great God!

Lord HASTY. Yes, yes, I am ſo. You will be the happineſs and boaſt of my old age. I have too long protracted this avowal, which I owed your virtues.

CAMDEN. My aſtoniſhment deprives me of reflexion!

Lord HASTY. You ſhall know the whole, the ſecret of your birth, and what good fortune now awaits you. Sprung from a clandeſtine marriage, your unhappy mother——But it is not here I ſhould relate this tale: Be it enough, that for the preſent, I acknowledge you my ſon. Partake then of the joy I feel.

CAM-

CAMDEN. Between a benefactor, ſuch as I have found you, and a father, there has been no difference.

Mrs. CAMDEN. Could he eſteem his benefactor leſs in any manner than a father? Oh, no, no.

HEATHFIELD. I weep, and never was ſo much aſtoniſhed. Would to heaven, my lord, I could but ſell you now my ground!

Lord HASTY. No; keep it, while I thank my ſon for having ſaved me from an action of injuſtice, added to the *intention*.

CAMDEN. Deareſt wife, you feared, my lord's reſentments; and behold, we are his children now.

Lord HASTY *(to Heathfield.)* Haſten to rebuild your cottage. It will now afford me a much better point of view than all the whimſies I affected. In return, ſpeak not a word to any one of this diſcovery. I would have it ſecret ſtill.

HEATHFIELD. Speak not a word about it! Oh, if Margery were here, I would enſure *her* ſilence. That ſhe learnt of me. So you need fear but little from *my* babbling.

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